

THE
Lancashire Witches,

AND

Tegue O'Divelly

THE

Irish PRIEST.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

Written by

THOMAS SHADWELL, Esq; late Poet
Laureat, and Historiographer Royal to their
Majesties.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed, and are to be sold by JAMES KNAPTON, at the
Crown in St. Paul's Church-Yard. MDCCXVIII.

15485.16.6.9*

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April 20, 1908.



To the READER.

FOPS and Knaves are the fittest Characters for Comedy, and this Town was wont to abound with Variety of Vanities and Knaveries till this unhappy Division. But all run now into Politics, and you must needs, if you touch upon any Humour of this Time, offend one of the Parties. The Bounds being then so narrow, I saw there was no Scope for the writing of an entire Comedy, (wherein the Poet must have a Relish of the present Time;) and therefore I resolved to make as good an Entertainment as I could, without tying my self up to the strict Rules of a Comedy; which was the Reason of my introducing of Witches. Yet I will be bold to affirm, that young Hartford, Sir Timothy, Smerk, and Tegue O Divelly, are true Comical Characters, and have something new in'em. And how any of these (the Scene being laid in Lancashire) could offend any Party here, but that of Papists, I could not imagine, till I heard that great Opposition was design'd against the Play (a Month before it was acted) by a Party, who (being too ashamed to say it was for the sake of the Irish Priest) pretended that I had written a Satyr upon the Church of England, and several profest Papists railed at it violently, before they had seen it, alledging that for a Reason; such dear Friends they are to our Church. And (notwithstanding all was put out that could any way be wrested to an Offence against the Church) yet they came with the greatest Malice in the World to hiss it, and many that call'd themselves Protestants, joyn'd with them in that noble Enterprize.

How strict a Scrutiny was made upon the Play, you may easily see, for I have in my own Vindication printed

To the READER.

it just as I first writ it; and all that was expunged is printed in the *Italick Letter*. All the Difference is, that I have now ordained Smerk, who before was a young Student in Divinity, expecting Orders and to be Chaplain to Sir Edward. The Master of the Revels (who I must confess used me civilly enough) licens'd it at first with little Alteration: But there came such an Alarm to him, and a Report that it was full of dangerous Reflections, that upon a Review, he expunged all that you see differently printed, except about a dozen Lines which he struck out at the first Reading.

But, for all this, they came resolved to hiss at it right or wrong, and had gotten mercenary Fellows, who were such Fools they did not know when to hiss, and this was evident to all the Audience. It was wonderful to see Men of great Quality and Gentlemen, in so mean a Combination. But to my great Satisfaction they came off as meanly as I could wish. I had so numerous an Assembly of the best sort of Men, who stood so generously in my Defence, for the three first Days, that they quash'd all the vain Attempts of my Enemies, the inconsiderable Party of Hissers yielded, and the Play lived in spite of them.

Had it been never so bad, I had valued the Honour of having so many, and such Friends, as eminently appeared for me, above that of excelling the most admirable Johnson, if it were possible to be done by me.

Now, for reflecting upon the Church of England, you will find, by many Expressions in the Play, that I intended the contrary. And I am well assured that no learned or wise Divine of the Church will believe me guilty of it. I profess to have a Value and Respect for them.

But they who say that the Representation of such a Fool and Knave as Smerk (who is declared to be an infamous Fellow, not of the Church, but crept into it for a Livelihood, exposed for his Folly and Knavery, and expell'd the Family) should concern or reflect upon the Church

TO the READER.

Church of England, do sufficiently abuse it. A foolish Lord or Knight is daily represented: nor are there any so silly to believe it an Abuse to their Order. Should Thompson, or Mason, or any impudent hot-headed tantivy Fool be exposed; I am confident that the sober and the wise Divines of the Church will be so far from thinking themselves concern'd in it, that they detest them as much as I do.

Nor should any of the Irish Nation think themselves concern'd, but Kelly (one of the Murderers of Sir Edmond-Bury Godfrey) which I make to be his feign'd Name, and Tegue O Dively his true one. For Whores and Priests have several Names still.

Some of the worsted Party of the Hissers were so malicious to make People believe (because I had laid the Scene in Lancashire) that I had reflected personally on some in that, and in an adjoining County; which no Man that will give himself leave to think can believe. And I do hereby solemnly declare the contrary, and that it was never once in my Thoughts to do so.

But the Clamours of a Party (who can support themselves by nothing but Falsehood) rose so high, as to report that I had written Sedition and Treason, had reflected upon his Majesty, and that the Scope of the Play was against the Government of England; which are Villanies I abhor, and some of the Reporters I believe would not stick at: But am well assured they did not believe themselves, only (out of Malice to me) thought if they could bring the Report to Windsor, (which they did) by that Means to cause the silencing the Play, without any farther Examination: But they who had the Power were too just for that, and let it live.

For these Reasons I am forced, in my own Vindication, to print the whole Play just as I writ it, (without adding or diminishing) as all the Actors who rehears'd it so a Fortnight together, before it was review'd, may testify.

For the Magical Part, I had no hopes of equalling

TO the READER.

Shakespeare in *Fancy*, who created his *Witchcraft* for the most part out of his own *Imagination*, (in which Faculty no Man ever excell'd him) and therefore I resolv'd to take mine from *Authority*. And to that end, there is not one *Action* in the Play, nay scarce a *Word* concerning it, but is borrow'd from some ancient and modern *Witchmonger*; wherein I have presented you a great part of the *Doctrine of Witchcraft*, believe it who will. For my part, I am (as it is said of *Surly* in the *Alchymist*) somewhat costive of *Belief*. The *Evidences* I have represented are natural, viz. slight and frivolous, such as poor old *Women* were wont to be hang'd upon.

For the *Actions*, if I had not represented them as those of real *Witches*, but had shew'd the *Ignorance*, *Fear*, *Melancholy*, *Malice*, *Confederacy* and *Inposture* that contribute to the *Belief of Witchcraft*, the *People* had wanted *Diversion*, and there had been another *Clamour* against it; it would have been call'd *Atheistical*, by a prevailing *Party*, who take it ill that the *Power of the Devil* should be lessen'd, and attribute more *Miracles* to a silly old *Woman*, than ever they did to the greatest *Prophets*; and by this means the Play might have been silenced.

I have but one thing more to observe, which is, that *Witchcraft*, being a *Religion to the Devil*, (for so it is, the *Witches* being the *Devil's Clergy*, their *Charms* upon several *Occasions* being so many *Offices of the Witches Liturgy* to him,) and attended with as many *Ceremonies* as even the *Popish Religion* is, 'tis remarkable that the *Church of the Devil* (if I may catechrestically call it so) has continued almost the same, from their first *Writers* on this Subject to the last; from *Theocritus* his *Pharmaceutria*, to *Sadducismus Triumphatus*: and to the shame of *Divines*, the *Church of Christ* has been in perpetual *Alteration*. But had there been as little to be gotten in one as in the other, 'tis probable there would have been as few *Changes*.

I have troubled you too long, speak of the Play as you find it.

P R O.



PROLOGUE.

OUR Poet once resolv'd to quit the Stage,
But seeing what slight Plays still please the Age,
He is drawn in: and thinks to pass with ease;
He cannot write so ill as some that please.
Our Author says he has no need to fear,
All Faults but of good Writing you can bear.
The common Eyes all Paintings please alike;
Signs are as good to them as Pieces of Vandike.
Our Author honours th' understanding Few;
And from the Many he appeals to you:
For (tho' in Interest most should judge) 'tis fit
There should an Oligarchy be in Wit;
False Wit is now the most pernicious Weed,
Rank and o'ergrown——and all run up to Seed.
In knavish Politicks much of it is employ'd,
With nasty spurious Stuff the Town is cloy'd;
Which daily from the teeming Press y' have found,
But true Wit seems in Magick-Fetters bound,
Like Sprights which Conjurers Circles do surround.
The Ages Sores must rankle farther, when
It cannot bear the cauterizing Pen:
When Satyre the true Medicine is declin'd,
What hope of Cure can our Corruption find!
If the Poet's End only to please must be,
Juglers, Rope-dancers, are as good as he.

Instruction

PROLOGUE.

*Instruction is an honest Poet's Aim,
And not a large or wide, but a good Fame.
But he has found long since this would not do,
And therefore thought to have deserted you:
But Poets and young Girls by no Mishaps
Are warn'd, those damning fright not, nor these Claps.
Their former Itch will spite of all persuade,
And both will fall again to their old Trade.
Our Poet says, that some resolve in Spite
To damn, tho' good, whatever he shall write.
He fears not such as Right or Wrong oppose,
He swears, in Sense, his Friends outweigh such Foes.
He cares not much whether he sink or swim,
He will not suffer, but we shall for him.
We then are your Petitioners to Day,
Your Charity for this crippled Piece we pray:
We are only Loosers, if you damn the Play.*

}



EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. BARRY and TEGUE.

Mrs. Barry. **A** Skilful Mistress uses wond'rous Art,
To keep a peevish crazy Lover's Heart.
His awkward Limbs, forgetful of Delights,
Must be urged on by Tricks and painful Nights;
Which the poor Creature is content to bear,
Fine Mantuas and new Petticoats to wear.
And, Sirs, your sickly Appetites to raise,
The starving Players try a Thousand Ways,
You had a Spanish Fryar of Intrigue,
And now we have presented you a Tegue;
Which with much Cost from Ireland we have got,
If he be dull, e'en hang him for the Plot.

Tegue. Now have a care, for by my Shout Salvaation,
Dish vill offend a Party in de Naation.

Mrs. Barry. They that are angry must be very Beasts,
For all Religions laugh at foolish Priests.

Tegue. By Creech, I swear, de Poet has undone me,
Some simple Tory vill maak beat upon me.

Mrs.

EPILOGUE.

*Mrs. Barry. Good Protestants, I hope you will not see,
A Martyr made of our poor Tony Leigh.
Our Popes and Fryers on one side offend,
And yet, alas! the City's not our Friend :
The City neither like us nor our Wit,
They say their Wives learn Ogling in the Pit.
They're from the Boxes taught to make Advances,
To answer stolen Sighs and naughty Glances.
We vertuous Ladies some new Ways must seek,
For all conspire our playing Trade to break.
If the bold Poet freely shows his Vein,
In every Place the snarling Fops complain ;
Of your gross Follies, if you will not bear,
With inoffensive Nonsense you must bear.
You, like the Husband, never shall receive
Half the Delight the sportful Wife can give.
A Poet dares not whip this foolish Age,
You cannot bear the Physick of the Stage.*



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

- | | | |
|--------------------------|---|---|
| Sir Edward Hartford, | { | A worthy hospitable true
<i>English</i> Gentleman, of good
Understanding and honest
Principles. |
| Young Hartford his Son, | { | A clownish, sordid, Coun-
try Fool, that loves no-
thing but drinking Ale and
Country Sports. |
| Sir Jeffery Shacklehead, | { | A simple Justice, pretending
to great Skill in Witches,
and a great Persecuter of
them. |
| Sir Timothy Shacklehead, | { | Sir Jeffery's Son, a very
pert, confident, simple
Fellow, bred at <i>Oxford</i>
and the Inns of Court. |
| Tom. Shacklehead, | { | Sir Jeffery's poor younger
Brother, an humble Com-
panion, and led, Drinker
in the Country. |
| Smerk. | { | Chaplain to Sir Edward,
Foolish, Knavish, Popish,
Arrogant, Insolent ; yet,
for his Interest, slavish. |
| Tegue O Divelly, | { | The <i>Irish</i> Priest, an equal
Mixture of Fool and Knave. |
| Bellfort, | { | Two <i>Yorkshire</i> Gentlemen of
good Estates, well-bred,
and of good Sense. |
| Doubty, | { | Wife to Sir Jeffery, a no-
table discreet Lady, some-
thing inclined to Wanton-
ness. |

Theodosia.

Dramatis Personæ.

Theodosia, Daughter to
Sir Jeffery, and Lady } Women of good Humour,
Isabella, Daughter to Sir } Wit, and Beauty.
Edward Hartford, }
Susan, House-keeper to Sir *Edward*.
Clod, A Country Fellow, a Retainer to Sir *Edward's*
 Family.
Thomas O Georges, Another Country Fellow.

Constable.

The Devil,

Mother *Demdike*,

Mother *Dickenson*,

Mother *Hargrave*,

Mal. Spencer,

Madge, and several others,

} Witches.

Old Women that search them.

Servants, Dancers, Musicians, Messengers, &c.

The Scene in *Lancashire*, near *Pendle-Hills*.

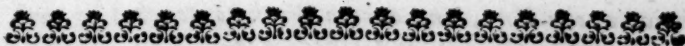


THE



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THE
Lancashire Witches
AND
Tegue O Divelly
THE
Irish PRIEST.



ACT I.

Enter Sir Edward Hartford and Smerk.

Smerk.



SIR, give me Leave, as by my Duty bound,
To let you know (though I am lately come
Into your Family) I have observ'd
(For all your real Courtesy and seeming
Mirth
Among your Friends that visit you) a fixt
And constant Melancholy does possess you, Sir,
When y' are alone, and you seem not to relish

B

The

HE

*The Happiness your ample Fortune, and
The great Esteem your Worth has ever gain'd
From all good Men might give you; I am bound
To enquire the Cause, and offer my Advice.*

*Sir Edw. Pray search no farther, I, for once, can
The Rashness of your Curiosity, (pardon
I did not take you for my Counsellor.*

*Smerk. You now, Sir, are become one of my Flock:
And I am bound in Conscience to advise,
And search into the Troubles of your Spirit,
To find the Secrets that disturb your Mind.*

*Sir Edw. I do not wonder, that a Person should
Be foolish and pragmatical; but know,
I will advise and teach your Master of Artship
(That made you lord it over Boys and Freshmen)
To add to your small Logick and Divinity
Two main Ingredients, Sir, Sense and Good Manners.*

Smerk. Consider, Sir, the Dignity of my Function.

*Sir Edw. Your Father is my Taylor, you are my Ser-
And do you think a Cassock and a Girdle (vant,
Can alter you so much, as to enable
You (who before were but a Coxcomb, Sir,)
To teach me? Know, I only took you for
A mechanick Divine, to read Church-Prayers
Twice every Day, and once a Week to teach
My Servants Honesty and Obedience.
You may be Belweather to a silly Flock,
And lead 'em where you please, but ne'er must hope
To govern Men of Sense and Knowledge.*

*Smerk. My Office bids me say this is profane,
And little less than Atheistical.*

*Sir Edw. You're insolent, you're one of the Senseless,
Hot headed Fools, that injure all your Tribe;
Learn of the wise, the moderate and good,
Our Church abounds with such Examples for you.
I scorn the Name of Atheist, you're ill-manner'd.
But whoe'er touches one of you hotspur Persons,
You brand him home, and right or wrong, no matter.*

Smerk. My Orders give me Authority to speak.

Sir Edw. Your Orders separate, and set you apart.

To

To minister, that is, to serve in Churches,
And not to domineer in Families.

Smerk. A Power Legantine I have from Heaven.

Sir Edw. Show your Credentials. Come good petu-
Mr. Chop-Logick, pack up your few Books (lanc
And old Black thread-bare Clothes to Morrow Morning,
And leave my House; get you a Wall-ey'd Mare
Will carry double for your Spouse and you,
When some cast Chamber-Maid shall smile upon you,
Charm'd with a Vicaridge of Forty Pounds
A Year, the greatest you can ever look for.

Smerk. Good Sir! I have offended, and am sorry.
I ne'er will once commit this Fault again,
Now I'm acquainted with your Worship's Mind.

Sir Edw. So, now you are not bound in Conscience
The Indiscretion of such poultry Fellows (then.
Are Scandals to the Church and Cause they preach for.
What fatal Mischiefs have domestick Priests
Brought on the best of Families in England!
Where their dull Patrons give them Line enough,
First with the Women they insnuate,
(Whose Fear and Folly makes them Slaves t' you,)
And give them ill Opinions of their Husbands.
Oft ye divide them, if the Women rule not.
But, if they govern, then your Reign is sure;
Then y' have the Secrets of the Family,
Dispose o'th' Children, place and then displace,
Whom, and when you think fit.

Smerk. Good, noble Sir! I humbly shall desist.

Sir Edw. The Husband must not drink a Glass, but
You shall, of your good Grace, think fit for him. (when
None shall be welcome but whom you approve.
And all this Favour is, perhaps, requited
With the infusing of ill Principles into the Sons,
And stealing, or corrupting of the Daughters.
Sometimes upon a weak and bigot Patron you
Obtain so much, to be Executor:

And, if he dies, marry his Widow, and
Claim then the cheating of his Orphans too.

Smerk. Sweet Sir, forbear, I am fully sensible.

Sir Edw. With furious Zeal you press for Discipline.
 With Fire and Blood maintain your great Diana.
 Foam at the Mouth when a Dissenter's nam'd,
 (With fiery Eyes, wherein we flaming see
 A persecuting Spirit,) you roar at
 Those whom the wisest of your Function strive
 To win by Gentleness and easy Ways.
 You damn 'em if they do not love a Surplice.

Smerk. Had I the Power, I'd make them wear pitch'd
 Surplices,
 And light them till they flam'd about their Ears,
 I would ———

Sir Edw. Such Firebrands as you but hurt the Cause.
 The learnedst and the wisest of your Tribe
 Strive by good Life and Meekness to o'ercome them.
 We serve a Prince renown'd for Grace and Mercy,
 Abhorring Ways of Blood and Cruelty;
 Whose Glory will, for this, last to all Ages.
 Him Heaven preserve long quiet in his Throne!
 I will have no such violent Sons of Thunder,
 I will have Moderation in my House.

Smerk. Forgive my Zeal, and, if your Worship please
 I will submit to all your wise Instructions.

Sir Edw. Then (on your good Behaviour) I receive
 Search not the Secrets of my House or me. (you.
 Vain was our Reformation, if we still
 Suffer Auricular Confession here,
 By which the Popish Clergy rule the World.
 No Business in my Family shall concern you;
 Preach nothing but good Life and Honesty.

Smerk. I will not.

Sir Edw. No controversial Sermons will I hear:
 No meddling with Government; y' are ignorant
 O' th' Laws and Customs of our Realm, and should be so.
 The other World should be your Care, not this.
 A Plowman is as fit to be a Pilot,
 As a good Clergyman to be a Statesman, Sir.
 Besides, the People are not apt to love you,
 Because your Sloth is supported by their Labours;
 And you do hurt to any Cause you would
 Advance.

Smerk.

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Smerk. I humbly bow, Sir, to your Wisdom.

*Sir Edw. A meek and humble modest Teacher be ;
For piteous Trifles you Divines fall out.
If you must quarrel, quarrel who shall be
Most honest Men; leave me, and then consider
Of what I have said.*

*Smerk. I will do any thing,
Rather than lose your Worship's Grace and Favour.*

Sir Edw. Begon.

[Exit. Smerk.]

Enter Isabella.

*Ifab. Sir, why do you walk alone, and melancholly ?
I have observ'd you droop much on the sudden.*

*Sir Edw. Dear Isabella, the most solid Joy
And Comfort of my fading Life ! thou truest Image
Of thy dead Mother ! who excell'd her Sex ;
Fair, and not proud on't; witty, and not vain ;
Not grave, but wise; chaste, and yet kind and free ;
Devout, not fower; Religious, not precise :
In her no foolish Affectation was,
Which makes us nauseate all good Qualities.
She was all Meekness and Humility ;
The tenderest Mother, and the softest Wife.*

*Ifab. My dearest and most honoured Father,
Had you not been the best of Parents living,
I could not have outliv'd that Mother's Loss,
Loss of her tender Care, and great Example.*

*Sir Edw. Yet learn, my Child, never to grieve for that
Which cannot be recall'd ; those whom I love
With Tenderness, I will embrace, when living,
And when they're dead, strive to forget 'em soon.*

Ifab. What is it can afflict you now, dear Father ?

*Sir Edw. Thou'rt wise, to thee I can declare my Grief ;
Thy Brother has been still my tender Care,
Out of my Duty, rather than Affection,
Whom I could never bend by Education
To any generous Purpose, who delights
In Dogs and Horses, Peasants, Ale and Sloth.*

*Ifab. He may have Children will be wiser, Sir,
And you are young enough yet to expect
Many Years Comfort in your Grand-children.*

Sir Edw. To that end I would match the unhewn Clown
To the fair Daughter of Sir *Jeffery Shacklehead*,
Who has all the Perfection can be wish'd
In Womankind, and might restore the Breed :
But he neglects her, to enjoy his Clowns,
His foolish Sports, and is averse to Marriage.
I would not have my Name perish in him.

Isab. I am sure she'll never help to the Continuance. } *Aside.*

Sir Edw. But thou art good, my Child, obedient:
And though *Sir Timothy*, *Sir Jeffery's* Son,
Has not the great Accomplishments I wish him,
His Temper yet is flexible and kind,
And will be apt to yield to thy Discretion.
His Person not ungracious, his Estate
Large, and lies altogether about his House,
Which (for its Situation and its Building)
With noble Gardens, Fountain, and a River
Running quite through his Park and Garden,
Exceeds most in the North : Thou knowest, my Child,
How this cross Match will strengthen and advance
My Family—— He is coming hither from
His Sport, he has given his Horse to his Man, and now
Is walking towards us ; I'll go and find
My Lady and her Daughter. [*Ex. Sir Edward.*

Isab. Oh hard Fate !
That I must disobey so good a Father :
I to no Punishment can be condemn'd
Like to the Marriage with this foolish Knight.
But by ill Usage of him, I will make him,
If possible, hate me as I hate him.

Enter Sir Timothy Shacklehead.

Sir Tim. Oh, my fair Cousin, I spied yee, and that
made me give my Man my Horse to come to you.

Isab. Me ! Have you any Business with me ?

Sir Tim. Business ! yes Faith, I think I have, you
know it well enough ; but we have had no Sport this
Afternoon, and therefore I made haste to come to you.

Isab. Such as you should have no Sport made to you
you should make it for others. *Sir*

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Sir Tim. Ay, it's no matter for that; but Cousin, would you believe it, we were all bewitch'd, Mother *Demdikè* and all her Imps were abroad, I think; but you are the pretty Witch that enchants my Heart. This must needs please her. [*Aside.*]

Isab. Well said, *Academy of Compliments*, you are well read I see.

Sir Tim. 'Ods bud, who would have thought she had read that?

Isab. Nay, for Learning and Good-breeding let *Tim.* alone.

Sir Tim. *Tim!* I might be *Sir Timothy* in your Mouth tho', one would think.

Isab. I am sorry the King bestow'd Honour so cheaply.

Sir Tim. Nay, not so cheaply neither; for though my Lady Mother had a dear Friend at Court, yet I was fain to give one Hundred Pounds, besides my Fees, I am sure of that: *Tim!* hum, go to——.

Isab. Was there ever so f lsome a Fool!

Sir Tim. Besides, I gave Thirty Guineas for the Sword I was Knighted with to one of his Nobles, for the King did not draw his own Sword upon me.

Isab. Do you abuse the Nobility? Would a Nobleman sell you a Sword?

Sir Tim. Yes, that they will, sell that or any thing else at Court. I am sure he was a great Courtier; he talk'd so prettily to the King's Dogs, and was so familiar with them, and they were very kind to him, and he had great Interest in them: He had all their Names as quick, and *Mumper* and I don't know who, and discours'd with them, I protest and vow, as if they had been Christians.

Isab. Oh, thou art a pretty Fellow; hey, for Little *Tim* of *Lancaster!*

Sir Tim. You might give one ones Title one would think, I say again, especially one that loves you too.

Isab. Yes, I will give you your Title.

Sir Tim. Thank you, dear Cousin.

Isab.

Isab. Take that, and your proper Title, Fool.

[*He offers to kiss her Hand, she gives him a Box on the Ear.*]

Sir Tim. Fool ! I defy you, I scorn your Words, 'tis a burning shame you should be so uncivil, that it is : Little thinks my Lady Mother how I am used.

Isab. Once for all, as a Kinsman I will be civil to you ; but if you dare make Love to me, I'll make thee such an Example, thou shalt be a Terror to all foolish Knights.

Sir Tim. Foolish ! Ha, ha, ha, that's a pretty Jest ; Why han't I been at *Oxford* and the Inns of Court ? I have spent my Time well indeed, if I be a Fool still : But I am not such a Fool to give you over for all this.

Isab. Dost thou hear ? Thou most incorrigible Lump, never to be lickt into Form ; thou Coxcomb Incarnate ; thou fresh, insipid, witless, mannerless Knight, who wear'st a Knighthood worse than a Haberdasher of Small Wares would ; it serves but to make thy Folly more eminent.

Sir Tim. Well, well, Forsooth, some Body shall know this.

Isab. Every one that knows thee, knows it. Dost thou think, because thy foolish Mother has cocker'd thee with Morning Caudles, and Afternoons Luncheons, thou art fit to make Love ? I'll use thee like a Dog if thou darest but speak once more of Love, or name the Word before me.

Sir Tim. Mum, mum, no more to be said, I shall be heard some where. Will your Father maintain you in these Things, ha Gentlewoman ?

Isab. Tell if thou durst, I'll make thee tremble. Heart ! if you ben't gone now presently, I'll beat you.

[*Ex. Sir Tim.*]

Enter Theodosia.

Isab. My Dear, art thou come ! I have been just now tormented by thy foolish Brother's awkward Courtship ; forgive me that I make so bold with him.

Theo. Prithee do, my Dear, I shall make as free with thine, though he is not so great a Plague, for he is bashful, very indifferent, and for ought I perceive, to my great

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great Comfort, no Lover at all: But mine is pert, foolish, confident, and on my Conscience in Love to boot.

Isab. Well, we are resolv'd never to marry There we are designed, that's certain. For my Part, I am a free *Englishwoman*, and will stand up for my Liberty, and Property of Choice.

Theo. And faith, Girl, I'll be a Mutineer on thy side; I hate the Imposition of a Husband, 'tis as bad as Popery.

Isab. We will be Husband and Wife to one another, dear *Theodosia*.

Theo. But there are a Brace of Sparks we saw at the *Spaw*, I am apt to believe would forbid the Banes, if they were here.

Isab. *Belfort* and *Doubty*; they write us Word they will be here suddenly, but I have little Hopes; for my Father is so resolved in whatever he proposes, I must despair of his Consent for *Belfort*, though he is too reasonable to force me to marry any one; besides, he is engaged in Honour to your Father.

Theo. Nay, if thou thinkest of Subjection still, er I either, we are in a desperate Case: No, mutiny, mutiny, I say.

Isab. And no Money, no Money, will our Fathers say.

Theo. If our Lovers will not take us upon those Terms, they are not worthy of us. If they will, farewell Daddie, say I.

Isab. If so, I will be as hearty a Rebel, and as brisk as thou art for thy Life; but canst thou think they are such Romancy Knights, to take Ladies with nothing? I am scarce so vain, though I am a Woman.

Theo. I would not live without Vanity for the Earth; if every one could see their own Faults, 'twould be a sad World.

Isab. Thou say'st right, sure the World would be almost depopulated, most Men would hang themselves.

Theo. Ay, and Women too: Is there any Creature so happy as your affected Lady, or conceited Coxcomb?

Isab.

Ifab. I must confess they have a happy Error, that serves their Turn better than Truth; but away with Philosophy, and let's walk on and consider of the more weighty Matters of our Love.

Theo. Come along, my Dear.

[*Ex. Isabella and Theodosia.*]

Enter Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. What a Pox is the Matter? She has pifs'd upon a Nettle to Day, or else the Witches have bewitched her. Hah! now I talk of Witches, I am plaguily afraid, and all alone: No, here's Nuncle *Thomas*.

Enter Tho. Shaeklehead.

Tho. Sha. How now, Cousin?

Sir Tim. Cousin, plain Cousin? You might have more Manners Uncle; 'sFlesh, and one gives you an Inch, you'll take an Ell. I see Familiarity breeds Contempt.

Tom. Sha. Well, *Sir Timothy*, then, by'r Lady I thought no harm; but I am your Uncle, I'll tell a that.

Sir Tim. Yes, my Father's younger Brother. What a murrain do we keep you for, but to have an Eye over our Dogs and Hawks, to drink Ale with the Tenants (when they come with Rent or Presents) in Black Jacks, at the upper end of a Brown Shovel-board Table in the Hall; to sit at lower end o'th' Board at Meals, rise, make your Leg, and take away your Plate at second Course? and you to be thus familiar!

Tom. Sha. Pray forgive me, good Cousin, *Sir Timothy* I mean.

Sir Tim. Very well, you will be saucy again, Uncle. Uds lud, Why was I Knighted but to have my Title given me? My Father, and Lady Mother can give it me, and such a Fellow as you, a meer younger Brother, to forget it!

Tom. Sha. Nay, haud yee, you mun ta't in good Part, I did but forget a bit, good *Sir Timothy*.

Sir Tim. My Mother would be in a fine Taking about it, and she knew it.

Tom. Sha. Nay, pray now do not say ought to my Lady, by th' Mass who'l be e'en stark wood an who
hears

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hears on't. But look a, look a, here come th' Caurfers, the Hare has play'd the De'el with us to neeght, we han been aw bewitched.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, so we have, to have the Hare vanish in open Field before all our Faces, and our Eyes never off from her.

Tom. Sba. Ay, and then awd Wife (they caw'n her Mother *Demdike*) to start up i'th' same pleck, i'th' very Spot o' grawnt where we loften pufs !

Enter Sir Jeffery Shacklehead, Sir Edward Hartford, young Hartford, Chaplain, Clod, and other Servants.

Sir *Edw.* These are Prodigies you tell, they cannot be, your Senses are deceiv'd.

Sir *Jeff.* My Senses deceiv'd ! that's well ; Is there a Justice in *Lancashire* has so much Skill in Witches as I have ? Nay, I'll speak a proud Word, you shall turn me loose against any Witch-finder in *Europe* ; I'd make an As of *Hopkins*, if he were alive.

Young *Har.* Nay, I'll swear 'ts true, Pox on that awd Carrion Mother *Demdike*, she has marr'd all our Sports, and almost kill'd two Brace of Greyhounds worth a Thousand Pound.

Sir *Edw.* Dreams, mere Dreams of Witches, old Womans Fables, the Devil's not such a Fool as you would make him.

Sir *Jeff.* Dreams ! Mercy upon me ! are you so profane to deny Witches ?

Smerk. Heaven defend ! Will you deny the Existence of Witches ? 'Tis very Atheistical.

Sir *Edw.* Incurrigible Ignorance ! 'tis such as you are Atheistical, that would equal the Devil's Power with that of Heaven it self. I see such simple Parsons cannot endure to hear the Devil dishonour'd.

Sir *Jeff.* No Witches ! Why I have hang'd above Fourscore. Read *Bodin*, *Remigius*, *Delrio*, *Nider*, *Institutor*, *Sprenger*, *Godelman*, and *More*, and *Malleus Maleficarum*, a great Author, that writes sweetly about Witches, very sweetly.

Sir *Edw.* *Malleus Maleficarum*, a Writer ? he has read nothing but the Titles I see. Sir

Sir *Jeff.* Oh, ay, a great Man, *Mallens* was a great Man; read Cousin, read the Antidote against Atheism: Well, I'll make work among your Witches.

Young *Har.* Ay, good Sir *Jeffery* do; Uds lud, they'll grow so bold, one shan't go a Coursing, Hunting or Hawking for 'em one of these Days; and then all the Joy of one's Life's gone.

Sir *Edw.* Why, are those all the Joys of Life?

Young *Har.* Ay, Godsflesh are they; I'd not give a Farthing to live without 'em; what's a Gentleman but his Sports?

Tho. Sha. Nay by'r Lady, I mun have a saup of Ale now and then, besides Sports.

Sir *Jeff.* Why here's my Son, Sir *Timothy*, saw the Hare vanish, and the Witch appear.

Sir *Tim.* That I did upon my Honour, Sir *Jeffery*.

Enter Clod.

Clod. So ho! here's the Hare again.

Young *Har.* Ha Boy! loo on the Dogs; more Sport, more Sport.

Sir *Edw.* 'Tis almost dark, let's home: go to your Mistress, Fool.

Young *Har.* Time enough for that, Sir; I must have this Course first, halloo.

[They all go out as to Coursing.]

Mother Demdike rises out of the Ground as they Re-enter.

Sir *Jeff.* Now, Sir *Edward*, do you see, the Hare is vanish'd, and here is the Hag.

Sir *Edw.* Yes, I see 'tis almost dark, the Hare is run from your tired Dogs, and here is a poor old Woman gathering of Sticks.

Smerk. Avant thou filthy Hag, I defy thee and all thy Works.

Clod. This is wheint indeed; Sir, you are a Scolard, pray defend me.

Sir *Jeff.* Now you shall see how the Witches fear me.

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Sir Edw. The old Women have reason to fear you, you have hang'd so many of 'em.

Sir Jeff. Now Tom. Shacklehead, and you Clod; lay hold o' th' Witch quickly; now you shall see my Skill; we'll search her, I warrant she has Biggs or Tears a handful long about her Parts that shall be nameless; then we'll have her watch'd Eight and Forty Hours, and prickt with Needles to keep her from sleeping, and make her confess; Gad she'll confess any thing in the World then; and if not, after all, we'll tie her Thumbs and great Toes together, and fling her into your great Pond. Let me alone with her, I warrant ye; come, come, come, where are you?

Sir Edw. So, I must have a poor old Woman murder'd in my House. [*Mother Demdike knocks down Tom Shacklehead and Clod, and vanishes.*]

Tom Sha. } Oh the Witch! the Devil!
Clod. }

Sir Jeff. How now, what's the Matter?

Tom Sha. Why by'r Lady, the De'el is th' Matter; the old Hag has knockt us both down, and is vanisht under gawnt I think.

Sir Edw. Your Fear has knockt you down, and the old Woman has escap'd.

Sir Jeff. No, no, she has don't; a Witch has a mighty Strength: six Men are not strong enough for a Witch of Fourscore.

Sir Edw. Come prithee, Sir Jeffery, let's Home and drive these Fables out of our Heads, it's dark.

Sir Jeff. Nay, I know how to deal with her, I'll send my Warrant and a Constable with't, that is strong enough to beat six Witches, ay, six the ablest Witches on 'em all: you'd wonder at it, but Faith 'tis true.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Mother Demdike Re-enters.

Demd. Ha, ha, ha, how I have fooled these Fellows, let 'em go home and prate about it; this Night we'll revel in Sir Edward's Cellar, and laugh at the Justice. But to the Business of the Night.

She Sings.

Come, Sisters, come, why do you stay?
 Our Business will not brook Delay.
 The Owl is flown from the hollow Oak,
 From Lakes and Bogs the Toads do croak.
 The Foxes bark, the Screech-Owl screams:
 Wolves howl, Batts fly, and the faint Beams
 Of Glow-worms Light grows bright apace;
 The Stars are fled, the Moon hides her Face.
 The Spindle now is turning round:
 Mandrakes are groaning under Ground.
 I'th' Hole i'th' Ditch (our Nails have made)
 Now all our Images are laid,
 Of Wax and Wool, which we must prick
 With Needles urging to the Quick.
 Into the Hole I'll pour a Flood
 Of Black Lambs' Blood, to make all good.
 The Lamb with Nails and Teeth we'll tear.
 Come, where's the Sacrifice? appear.

*Enter Mother Dickenson, Hargrave, Mal Spencer, and
 several other Witches with a Black Lamb.*
Witches. 'Tis here.

Demd. Why are you all so tardy grown?
 Must I the Work perform alone?

Dicken. Be patient Dame, we'll all obey.

Dem. Come then to work, anon we'll play.

To yonder Hall,
 Our Lord we'll call,
 Sing, dance and eat,
 Play many a Feat,

And fright the Justice and the Squire,
 And plunge the Cattle into the Mire.

Burn now to work. [*They tear the Black Lamb in pieces,
 and pour the Blood into the Hole.*]

Debtor, Debtor, do not stay,
 Upon the Waves go sport and play;
 And see the Ship be cast away.
 Come, let us now our Parts perform,
 And scrape a Hole, and raise a Storm.

Dicken.

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Dicken. Here is some Sea-Sand I have gotten,
Which thus into the Air I throw.

Harg. Here's Sage, that under Ground was rotten,
Which thus around me I bestrow.

Spencer. Sticks on the Bank a-crofs are laid.

Harg. The Hole by our Nails is almost made.
Hogs Bristles boil within the Por.

Demd. The hollow Flint-stone I have got,
Which I over my Shoulder throw,
Into the West to make Winds blow.
Now Water here, and Urine put,
And with your Sticks stir it about.
Now dip your Brooms, and tofs them high,
To bring the Rain down from the Sky.
Not yet a Storm? Come let us wound
The Air with every dreadful Sound,
And with live Vipers beat the Ground.

*[They beat the Ground with Vipers, they bark,
howl, hiss, cry like Screech-Owls, hollow
like Owls, and make many confused Noises:
The Storm begins.]*

SONG of Three Parts.

NOW the Winds roar,
And the Skies pour
Down all their Store.

}

It Thunders and Lightens.

And now the Night's black,
Heark how the Clouds crack,
Heark how the Clouds crack.

}

It Thunders and Lightens.

A hollow Din the Woods now make,
The Vallies tremble, Mountains shake,
And all the Living Creatures quake.

}

It Thunders and Lightens.

It keeps awake the sleepy Fowl,
The Sailors swear, the high Seas roll,
And all the frightened Dogs do howl.

}

It Thunders and Lightens.

C. 2.

Demd.

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Demd. Now to our Tasks let's all be gone,
Our Master we shall meet anon,
Between the Hours of Twelve and One.

[They all set up a Laugh.]

Enter Clod, with a Candle and Lanthorn.

Clod. Whaw, what a Storm is this! I think Mother *Demdike* and all her De'els are abroad to Neeght; 'tis so dark too, I cannot see my Hout. Oh the De'el, the De'el, help! help! this is Mother *Demdike*; help, s'flesh, what mun I do? I cannot get dawn, 'twawnds Ayft be clem'd an I stay here aw neeght.

[One of the Witches flies away with the Candle and Lanthorn; Mother Demdike sets him upon the top of a Tree, and they all fly away laughing.]

Enter Bellfere and Doubry.

Bell. Was there ever such a Storm raised on a sudden, the Sky being clear, and no Appearance on't before?

Doubt. The worst Part of our Misfortune is, to be out of our Way in a strange Country, the Night so dark, that Owls and Batts are wildered.

Bell. There is no Help; cover the Saddles, and stand with the Horses under that Tree, while we stand close and shelter our selves here; the Tempest is so violent, it cannot last.

Doubt. Now Philosophy help us to a little Patience, Heaven be praised we are not at Sea yet.

Bell. These Troubles we Knight-Errants must endure when we march in search of Ladies.

Doubt. Would we were in as good Lodgings as our Dogs have, which we sent before to *Whalley*. I fear too (after all this Device of yours) our pretending to hunt here will never take.

Bell. Why so?

Doubt. Would any Body think a Man in his right Wits should chuse this Hilly Country to hunt in?

Bell.

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Bell. O, yes, there are Huntsmen that think there's no Sport without Venturing Necks or Collar-bone; besides, there is no other way to hope to see our Mistresses: by this means we shall troll out my Mistress's Brother, who loves, and understands nothing but Country Sports. By that we may get Acquaintance with Sir *Edward Hartford*, who is reported to be a wise, honest, hospitable, true *Englishman*. And that will bring us into Sir *Jeffery Shacklehead's* Family, *Whalley* being in the mid-way betwixt them.

Doubt. I am resolv'd to see my Mistress, whate'er comes on't, and know my Doom. Your *Yorkshire* Spaw was a fatal Place to me, I lost a Heart there, Heaven knows when I shall find it again.

Bell. Those Interviews have spoiled me for a Man of this World; I can no more throw off my loose Corns of Love upon a Tenant's Daughter in the Country, or think of Cuckolding a Keeping-Fool in the City; I am grown as pitiful a whining loving Animal, as any Romance can furnish us with.

Doubt. That we should 'scape in all the Tour of *France* and *Italy*, where the Sun has power to ripen Love, and tatch this Distemper in the North! but my *Theodosia* in Humour, Wit, and Beauty, has no Equal.

Bell. Besides my *Isabella*.

Doubt. To you your *Isabella's* equal.

Bell. We are pretty Fellows to talk of Love, we shall be wet to the Skin; yonder are Lights in many Rooms, it must be a great House let's make towards it.

Doubt. It is so dark, and among these Hills and Inclosures, 'tis impossible. Will no lucky Fellow, of this Place, come by and guide us? We are out of all Roads.

Clod. Oh! Oh! What mun Ay do? Ay am well neegh parisht: Ay mun try to get dawn. [*He falls.*] Help, help! Murder, murder!

Bell. What the Devil is here, a Fellow fallen from the top of a Tree?

Doubt. 'Sdeath, is this a Night to climb in? What does this mean?

C 3

Clod.

Clod. Oh! Oh!

Bell. Here, Who art thou? What's the Matter?

Clod. Oh, the De'el; avant, I defie thee and all thy Works.

Doubt. Is he drunk or mad? give me thy Hand, I'll help thee.

Clod. Begon; Witches I defie ye; help! help!

Bell. What dost thou talk of? We are no Witches nor Devils, but Travellers that have lost our Way, and will reward thee well if thou wilt guide us into it.

Clod. An yeow been a Mon Ay! st talk wy ye a bit; yeow mun tack a care o your fells, the Plece's haunted with Buggarts, and Witches; one of 'em took my Conde and Lanthorn out of my Hont, and flew along wy it; and another set me o top o'th' Tree, where I fell dawn naw; Ay ha well neegh brocken my Theegh.

Doubt. The Fellow's mad, I neither understand his Words nor his Sense; Prethee how far is it to *Whalley*?

Clod. Why, yeow are quite besaid th' Road mon, yeow shouliden a gone dawn th' Bonk by *Thomas o Georges*, and then cen at Yate, and tur'd dawn th' Lone, and lest the Steepo o'th' reeght Hont.

Bell. Prethee don't tell us what we should have done; But how far is it to *Whalley*?

Clod. Why marry, four Mail and a bit.

Doubt. We'll give thee an Angel and shew us the Way thither.

Clod. Marry that's whaint, I conno see my Hont, haw con Ay show yeow to *Whalley* to Neeght?

Bell. Canst thou shew us to any House where we may have Shelter and Lodging to Night? We are Gentlemen and Strangers, and will pay you well for't.

Clod. Ay, by'r Lady con I, th' best Ludging and Diet too in aw *Lancashire*. Yonder at th' Hough, where yeow seen th' Leeghts there.

Doubt. Whose House is that?

Clod. Why, what a Pox, where han you lived? Why yeow are Strongers indeed! Why, 'tis Sir *Yedard Hartforts*, he keeps open House to all Gentry; yeon'll be welcome to him by Day and by Neeght; he's Lord of aw here abauts.

Bell.

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Bel. My Mistress's Father! Luck, if it by thy Will,
have at my *Isabella*; Can'st thou guide us thither?

Clod. Ay, Ay, there's a pauer of Company there
naw, Sir *Jeffery Shacklehead*, and the Knight his Son
and Doughter.

Doubt. Lucky above my Wishes! O my dear *Theo-*
dosia! how my Heart leaps at her? prethee guide us
thither, we'll pay thee well.

Clod. Come on; I am e'en breed out o' my Senses, I
was ne'er so freeghen'd sin Ay was born; give me your
Hont.

Bell. No, here are our Men and Horses, we'll get
up, and you shall lead the foremost: Now Stars be
kind. [Ex. Omnes.



ACT II

Enter Isabella and Smerk.

Isab. **H**OW this Insolence provokes me! [Aside.
You are not sure in Earnest! [To him.

Smerk. Can any one behold those rairdant Eyes,
And not have Sentiments of Love like mine?

Isab. This Fellow has read Romances as well as
Schoolmen.

Smerk. Those Eyes to which mine are Burning-Glasses,
That to my Heart convey the Fire of Love.

Isab. What a Fustian Fool is this! Is this Language
For a Divine?

Smerk. Are not Divines made of those Elements,
Which makes up other Men? Divines may be
In Love I hope.

Isab. And may they make Love to the Daughter, with-
The Consent of the Father? (out

Smerk. Undoubted, as Casuists must determine.

Isab.

Isab. Will not common Sense, without a Casuist, tell Us when we do wrong? If so, the Law we are Bound to, is not plain enough.

Smerk. Submit to the Judgment of Divines, sweet Marriage is not an Ordinance made by Parents, (Lady. But from Above deriv'd; and 'tis for that I sue.

Isab. Is it not fit I should obey my Father?

Smerk. O no, sweet Lady, move it not to him, Your Father has not Reverence enough

For the Church and Churchmen;

Besides, I'll tell you,

He is Atheistically inclin'd: Pardon my Boldness;

For he believes no Witches: But, Madam, if my Poor Person and my Parts may seem gracious to you, You lawfully may chuse me to make happy.

Isab. Your Person needs must please; 'tis amiable.

Smerk. Ah sweet Madam!

Isab. Your Parts beyond Exception, neat, spruce, And very diverting. (florid,

Smerk. No, no, dear Madam.

Isab. Who can behold your Face without Pleasure? or Consider your Parts without Reverence?

Smerk. O Lord, I swear you pose me with your great Civilities: I profess you do.

Isab. 'Tis impossible you should keep long from being Dignified.

Smerk, 'Tis that I mainly aim at, next the Enjoy- Of so fine a Lady. (ment

Isab. May I flatter my self to think you are in ear-

Smerk. You may, most excellent Lady. (nest?

Isab. And so am I.

Smerk. Sweet Madam, I receive you as a Blessing on my Knees. [She gives him a Box on the Ear.

Isab. Thou most insolent of Pedants, thou silly formal Thing with a stiff plain Band, a little parsonical Groggram, and a Girdle thou art so proud of, in which thou wouldst do well to hang thy self; some have vouchsafed to use it for that Purpose: Thou that never wer't but a Curate — a Journeyman Divine, as thy Father was a Journeyman Taylor, before he could

could set up for himself, to have the Impudence to pretend Love to me!

Smerk. My Function yet, I say, deserves more Reverence.

Isab. Does it make you not an Ass, or not a Taylor's Son?

Smerk. It equals me with the best of Gentry.

Isab. How, Arrogance! Can any Power give Honour but the King? This is Popery, I'll have you trounc'd. Could it once enter into thy vain Pate, that I could be contented with the pitiful Equipage of a Parson's Wife? Bless me! to be carried home to an antique Building, with narrow Windows, with huge Iron Bars, like an old Goal in some Country Burrough, wickedly abus'd too with Dilapidations. To lie in Darneux Curtains, and a Beds-Tester carv'd with idolatrous Images, out of two Load of old Timber: or to have for a Friend, or Lying-Inn, one better one of Worsted Camblet; and to be dress'd and undress'd by my Cook-maid, who is my Woman and my Chamber-maid, and serves me and the Hogs.

Smerk. I intend none of these. I assure you my House shall be——

Isab. I know what it will be: Your Parlour hung with green printed Stuff, of the new Fashion, with gilt Leather in Panes, a Finger's-breadth at least, stuff'd up with a great many stinking Russia-Leather Chairs, and an odious Carpet of the same: Then Shelves on one side of your Chimney for a pair of Tables, a Chest-board, your Frame of Wax-Candle and Tobacco-Pipes.

Smerk. No, no, no, Madam.

Isab. On the other side, Shelves for huge Folio's, by which you would be counted a great read Man; vast large Volumes of Expositions upon a short Creed; some Twenty Folio's upon the Ten Commandments; Laud's, Heylin's, Andrew's, and Tom. Fuller's Works; with perhaps a Piece of Austin, to shew that you understand a little Latin: And this is your Ecclesiastical Furniture, very fit for a Gentlewoman's Eating Room, is it not?

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Smerk.

Smerk. I understand the Mode, Madam, and condemn such vulgar Ornaments.

Isab. And in this Parlour to eat Five Tithe-Pigs in a Week, brought in by my Woman, Chamber-maid, Wash-maid, Cook maid, &c. And if it be not a Working-day, waited on by your Groom, Ploughman, Carter, Butler, Tithe-Gatherer, all in one, with Horse-nail'd Shoes; his Head new comb'd and slick'd, with a starch'd Band and no Cuffs.

Smerk. My Merits will provide you better; please to hear me.

Isab. Yes, I know your Merits. Then to quibble with you, for my Desert, your Back-side of half an Acre, with some sixteen Trees of Mary-gold and Sweeting-Apples, Horse-Plumbs, and Warden-Pears, hemm'd in with Panes of antique crumbling Clay; where I should have six Hives of Bees, and you a Mare and Foal, going with a Peacock and Hen.

Smerk. All these I much despise, would you bear.

Isab. Hear, yes! how I should have nothing to entertain my Visitors with, but studd Prunes and Honey-Combs, and flying Ale, bottled with Lemmon-Peel, without all sight of Wine. And should I march abroad to visit, 'twould be behind my Canonical Husband, perhaps upon a Pied bald Mare big with Foal, holding both Hands upon his Girdle; and when at Place appointed I arrive, for want of a Groom, off slips my nimble Husband first, then helps me down. And now Fool I have painted thee, and what thou art to trust to, in thy Colours.

Smerk. I beseech you, Madam, moderate your Passions: Hear my Propositions.

Isab. No, Impudence, my Father shall bear 'em.

Smerk. I beseech you, Madam, for Heaven's sake, that will undo me. I shall desist, I shall desist.

[Exit. Isabella.]

Enter Susan the Chambermaid.

Good lack! how a Man may be mistaken! I durst ha' sworn by her Courtesy and frequent Smiles she had been in love with me.

Susan.

The Lancashire Witches. 35

Susan. Sweet Sir, what is befallen you? Has my Lady anger'd you? If she can, her Heart is not like mine.

Smerk. Nothing, Mrs. *Susan*, nothing; but to be thus despised. [To himself.]

Susan. Dear Sir, can I serve you in any thing? I am bound. I ne'er have been so elevated by any Man; methinks I never should have enough of your powerful Ministry, sweet Sir.

Smerk. Pish! If she tells her Father, I am ruin'd.

Susan. Dear Man, now, drive away this Sadness. Come, give me thy Hand, let's sit down and be merry. [To himself.]

Smerk. How! my Hand! go too—— This Creature is in Love with me: But shall my prodigious Natural Parts, and no less amazing Acquisitions in Metaphysics and School-Divinity be cast upon a Chambermaid? Farewel, I must not be too familiar. [Exit.]

Susan. So, scornful, cruel Creature, I will soften thee yet. Have I for thee fate Days and Nights cross-legg'd, and sigh'd before thou cam'st hither; and fasted on *S. Agnes* Night for thee? And since thy coming have tied Three colour'd True-Lover's-Knots, quill'd thy Cuffs, and starch'd thy Band my self, and never fail'd thee of thy Morning Candle or Jelly Broth? Have I already put my Hair and Nails in Powder in thy Drink, and put a live Fish in a Part about me till it died, and then gave it thee to eat, and for all this! Well, I will mollify thee; and Mother *Demdike* shall help me to Morrow: I'll to her, and discourse her about it, if I have Breath; I cannot live without him.

Enter Sir Edward Hartford and his Son.

Sir Edw. *Susan*, go tell my Cousin *Theodosia* I would speak with her.

Susan. I will Sir.

[Exit.]

Yo. Har. Phaw! now must I be troubled with making Love, a duce take it for me: I had rather be a Courting an'twere time o'th' Day.

Sir

Sir Edw. Now Son, for your own Good and my Satisfaction, I would have you (since her Father and I am agreed) to settle this Business, and marry with *Theodosia* with all the speed that can be.

Yo. Har. What haste, Sir? For my Part I care not for Marriage, not I. I love my Neighbours, a Cup of Ale, and my Sports, I care for nought else.

Sir Edw. But that thy Mother was too virtuous for my Suspicion, I should think that by thy sordid Mind thou wert a Stranger to my Blood; and if you be not rul'd by me, assure your self I'll make you a Stranger to my Estate.

Yo. Har. What does he mean now? Hah, to disinherit me?

Sir Edw. No Part of it's entail'd; and if you will not marry where I direct you, your Sister will obey me, and may bring me one to inherit it. Consider that.

Enter Theodosia.

Here comes your Mistress, beautiful and good as any of her Sex. Sweet Cousin, be pleas'd to stay one Moment with my Son: I'll wait on you again. [*Exit.*]

Theo. Your Servant Sir. How shall I be entertain'd by this Dolt! how much rather had he be with Country Justices and Farmers, in a low Thatch'd House, with a smooth Black Pot of Ale in his Hand, or with his Kites, Dogs and Cattel?

Yo. Har. What a Devil shall I say to her now? I had as leve knock my Head against the Wall, as make Love. Will you please to sit down Cousin?

Theo. Ay Cousin. And fall fast asleep if I can. [*Aside.*]

Yo. Har. 'Twas a great Storm, and rose very suddenly to Night, Cousin.

Theo. Very true.

Yo. Har. Pox, I don't know what to say to her. [*Aside.*]
'Tis almost over tho' now. [*To her.*]

Theo. 'Tis so.

Yo. Har. 'Tis so! What a Devil shall I say more? Would I were at six Go-downs upon Reputation, in Ale, with honest Tom Shacklehead. [*Aside.*]

What

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What do you think 'tis a Clock Madam? [*To her.*]

Theo. Six Minutes past Eight by mine.

Yo. Har. Mine goes faster. Is yours *Aspenwold's*?

Theo. No, *Tompion's*.

Yo. Har. 'Tis a very pretty one! Pish, I can go no farther, not I.

Theo. 'Tis Bed-time.

Yo. Har. Ay, so it is, and I am main sleepy by'r Lady, Coursing had gotten me a woundy Stomach, and I eat like a Swine, Faith and Troth.

Theo. But it is got nothing to your Stomach.

Yo. Har. You have heard the Story, we cours'd a Witch all Day instead of a Hare; Mother *Demdike*.

Theo. 'Tis well you did not catch her, she would have been very tough Meat.

Yo. Har. Ha, ha, ha, well, I vow that's very well. But I hope Sir *Jeffery* will hang the Witch; I am sure she has tired my Dogs and me so, that I am so sleepy I can scarce hold up my Head, by'r Lady.

Theo. I am tired too. This Dulness is almost as tedious as his making Love would be.

Yo. Har. If 'twould hold up now, we should have fine Weather for Hawking to Morrow, and then have at the Powts.

Theo. Your Hawks would not fly at Mother *Demdike* too?

Yo. Har. Nay marry, I cannot tell: But would you would go a Hawking, you should ride upon a Pad of mine, should carry you with a Bumper in your Hand, and not spill a drop.

Theo. I am for no Field-Sports, I thank you, Sir.

Yo. Har. Now can't I speak a Word more. [*They pause.*]

Theo. Now methinks we are meer Man and Wife already, without marrying for the Matter. Ha! he's asleep, and snoars like the Base-pipe of an Organ: Tho' I like his Indifference better than I should his Love; yet I have no Patience to bear sleeping in my Face, that's a little too much.

Yo. Har. Oh Lord! What's that? Oh, Mother *Demdike*! Oh, oh, the Witch! the Witch!

D

Theo.

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Theo. He talks in his Sleep, I believe, e'en as well, as when he's awake.

Yo. Har. Murder! murder! oh help, the Witch! oh the Witch! oh, oh, Mother *Demdike*!

Theo. He talks and dreams of the Witch: I'll try a Trick with him.

[She pulls the Chair from under him, and Exit.

Yo. Har. Oh, help! help! the Witch! the Witch! ay, there she vanisht: I saw her; oh, she flew up the Chimney. I'll go to Sir *Jeffery*, and take my Oath presently. Oh, I am sore frightened!

Enter Isabella.

Oh the Witch! the Witch! Mother *Demdike*.

[Exit. Yo. Har.]

Isab. What ails the Fool, is he mad? Here's a Coil with Witches.

Enter Sir Jeffery, Lady Shacklehead, and Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Oh, Madam, are you there? I have done your Errand.

La. Sha. Your Servant Cousin.

Isab. Your Ladyship's Humble Servant.

La. Sha. Look you Cousin, Lady me no Ladies, unless you be civiller to Sir *Timothy*.

Sir Tim. Look you there.

Sir Jeff. I suppose you are not ignorant who we are?

La. Sha. Nay, prithee, Sir *Jeffery*, hold; let me alone.

Sir Jeff. Nay, go on my Dear, thou shalt have it; well, thou art as notable a Woman as any is within Fifty Miles of thy Head, I'll say that for thee.

La. Sha. Pray Cousin conceive me, Breeding is a fine thing; but you have always liv'd in the Country: I have for my Part, been often at *London*, lodg'd in *Covent-Garden*; ay, and been in the Drawing-Room too. Poor Creature, she does not know what that is.

Sir Jeff.

Sir Jeff. Pray mind my Chicken, she's the best bred Woman in that Country.

La. Sha. Pray spare me, *Sir Jeffery*, here's *Sir Timothy*, I have bred him with great Care and Charges at *Oxford*, and the Inns of Court.

Sir Tim. Ay, and I have been in the Drawing-Room too.

La. Sha. I have gotten him Knighted too, for mine and *Sir Jeffery's* Services, which we have perform'd in governing the Country about us so well.

Isab. What does your Ladyship drive at?

Sir Tim. Ay, you know well enough: Now you look as though Butter would not melt in your Mouth.

La. Sha. Besides, let me tell you, *Sir Timothy's* Person's as charming as another's; his Shape and Height perfect, his Face, though I say it, exceeding good, his Eyes vigorous and sparkling, his Nose and Chin resembling our Family; in short, Nature has not been negligent in his Composition.

Sir Jeff. Well, thou art the best spoken Woman in *England*; I'll say that for thee.

Isab. I confess all this, Madam.

Sir Tim. Oh, do you so?

La. Sha. Pray give me Leave; not one Knight in the Land dresses better, or wears better fancied Garniture, or better Perriwigs.

Sir Tim. My Trimming's my own Fancy; and the best Wig-maker in *England*, one in *Crooked-Lane*, works for me.

La. Sha. Hold, *Sir Timothy*: I say, these Things premis'd, it is not fit to use my Son uncivilly: I am loth to complain to your Father; consider and be wise. I know we are politickly Coy, that's decent; I my self was so to *Sir Jeffery*.

Sir Jeff. Ay by'r Lady was she. Well, I thought I should never have won thee: Thou wert a parlous Girl.

La. Sha. But I never was uncivil.

Isab. I know not what you mean! I uncivil to my dear Cousin! what makes you think so? I assure your

Ladyship, I value him as he deserves. What, Cousin, art angry for a Jest? I think no Man like him for my part.

Sir Jeff. Why look you, Sir Tim.

La. Sha. Nay, Sir Timothy, you are to blame; Justice shews ones Kindness--- go too.

Sir Tim. I swear and vow I thought you had been in Earnest, Cousin. I am your Humble Servant.

La. Sha. Well, we'll leave you together.

Sir Jeff. Come on Boy, stand up to her, 'Gad I bore up briskly to thy Mother before I won her. Ah, when I was young. I would have ---- Well, no more to be said.

La. Sha. Come, come away; you will have your Saying.

[Ex. Lady and Sir Jeff.]
Sir Tim. Well, but have you so good an Opinion of me as you declar'd? hum-----.

Isab. The very same, I assure you.

Sir Tim. Ah, my dear pretty Rogue! Then I'll marry you presently, and make you a Lady.

Isab. Let me see, are they out of hearing?

Sir Tim. Come, feth, let's kifs upon that Business, here's a Parson in the House; nay, feth, I must kifs thee, my dear little Rogue.

Isab. Stand off, Baboon! nay, a Baboon of good Parts exceeds thee; thou Maggot, Insect, worse than any nasty thing the Sun is Father to.

Sir Tim. What! do you begin to call Names again? But this is in Jest too, prithee let me kifs thee, feth do.

Isab. In Jest! Heaven is my Witness, there's not a living Thing upon Two Legs I would not chuse before thee.

Sir Tim. Holloo! where's Sir Jeffery and my Lady?

Isab. They are out of thy Hearing, Oaf. 'Slife, how dar'st thou be so impudent to love me with that Face, that can provoke nothing but Laughter at best, in any one? Why thou hast the Rickets in thy Face: There's no Proportion, every Feature by it self is abominable; and put together, intolerable. Thou hast the very Lines and Air of a Pig's Face; *Baptista Porta* would have drawn thee so.

Sir Tim.

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Sir Tim. Hah ! What do you say ? my Face ! I'll not change Faces with e'er a Man in *Lancashire*. Face ! talk of Face, hah !

Isab. Thou art uglier than any Witch in *Lancashire*, and if thou wert in Womans Clothes, thy own Father would apprehend thee for one : Thy Face ! I never saw so deform'd a Thing on the Head of an old *Lyra Viol* ; it might fright Birds from a Cherry-Garden ; but what else 'tis good for, I know not.

Sir Tim. 'Sbud, now you provoke me, I must tell you, I think my self as handsome for a Man, as you are for a Woman.

Isab. Oh, foh, out upon that filthy Visage ; my Maid with her Scissars in two Minutes, shall cut me a better in Brown Paper. There is not a Creature upon Earth but is a Beauty to thee ; besides, thou hast a hollow Tooth would cure the Mother beyond *Assaferida*, or burnt Feathers.

Enter Theodosia.

Sir Tim. Well, well, you'll sing another Note when I have acquainted your Father, you will.

Isab. Thou liest, I will not ; if I were condemn'd to Death, I would not take a Pardon to marry thee. Set thy Fool's Heart at rest then, and make no more nauseous Love to me. Thy Face to one Fasting, would give a Vomit beyond *Crocus*.

Sir Tim. You are a proud, peevish Minx, and that's the best of you ; let me tell you that, hum. I can have you Betters every Day I rise.

Theo. How now ! What says the Fool ?

Sir Tim. Uds ludlikins, Huswife, if you provoke me, I'll take you o'th' Pate.

Isab. Thou odious, loathsome Coxcomb, out of my Sight, or I'll tear thy Eyes out.

Sir Tim. Coxcomb ! ha, ha, ha ; ah, thou art a good one. Well, I say no more.

Isab. Da, da, pretty thing !

D 3

Enter

The Lancashire Witches.

Enter Sir Edward, Bellfort and Doubty.

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, the Storm has oblig'd me, that drove you under my Roof; I knew your Fathers well, we were in *Italy* together, and all of us came home with our *English* Religion, and our *English* Principles. During your Stay here (which for my own sake I hope will not be short) command my House: Let not your Dogs and Servants lie at *Whalley*; but be pleas'd to know, this House is yours, and you will do me Honour in commanding it.

Bell. This Generosity makes good the Character that all Men give of you.

Doubt. A Character that *England* rings with, and all Men of never so differing Opinions agree in:

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, you do me too much Honour; I would endeavour to imitate the Life of our *English* Gentry, before we were corrupted with the base Manners of the *French*.

Bell. If all had had that noble Resolution, long since we had curb'd the Greatness of that Monarch.

Isab. What are these, Apparitions? Hah! *Doubty* and *Bellfort*.

Theo. They are they indeed! What ailes my Heart to beat so fast?

Isab. Methinks mine is a little too busy here:

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, here is my Daughter and her Kinswoman; I think you saw 'em last Summer at *Scarborough*.

Bell. We did, Sir.

[*They salute 'em.*]

Doubt. We little thought to have the Honour of so fine Ladies this Night.

Enter Servant, and whispers to Sir Edward:

Bell. We could not expect this Happiness, till next Season at the Waters.

Sir Edw. What Story is this? My Son almost frighted out of his Wits with a Witch! Gentlemen, I beg your Pardon for a Moment. [*Ex. Sir Edw. and Servant.*]

Bjth. Your Humble Servant.

Isab.

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Ifab. Nothing could be more unexpected than seeing you here.

Theo. Fray Gentlemen, how did you come?

Doubt. Travelling for *Whalley*, where I told you, Madam, in my Letters I would suddenly be, we lost our Way by the Darkness of the Night, and wandered till we came near this House, whither an honest Country Fellow brought us for Shelter from this dreadful Tempest.

Bell. And your Father is pleas'd to admit a Brace of Stray-Fellows, with the greatest Civility in the World: But, Madam, coming safe to Shore, after a Shipwreck, could not bring such Joy to me, as I find in seeing you.

[To *Ifab.*

Doubt. The Sun, to a Man left a Winter at *Greenland*, could not be so ravishing a Sight, as you, dear Madam, are to me.

[To *Theo.*

Theo. This is Knight-Errantry indeed!

Ifab. Methinks they talk Romance too. But 'tis too late if they be in earnest; for the Dames are disposed of.

Bell.

Doubt. { How, Married!

Ifab. Not executed, but condemn'd.

Theo. Beyond all hopes of Mercy.

Doubt. Death, Madam! you struck me to the Heart; I felt your Words here.

Bell. My Heart was just at my Mouth, if you had not stopt it with this Cordial, 't had flown. I may live now in hope of a Reprieve for you.

Ifab. Our Fathers will never consent to that.

Theo. Mine will not, I am sure. I have a Mother, to boot, more obstinate than he.

Doubt. If they be so merciless, Self-Preservation, the great Law of Nature, will justify your Escape.

Bell. We Knight-Errants, as you call us, will rescue you, I warrant you.

Ifab. But if we leave our Fools, our Fathers will leave us.

Bell. If you lose your Father, Madam, you shall find one that will value you infinitely more, and love you more tenderly.

Doubt.

Doubt. And you, Madam, shall meet with one, whose Person and whose Fortune shall be always at your Command.

Theo. We grow a little too serious about this Matter.

Isab. 'Tis from Matrimony we would fly! Oh 'tis a dreadful Thing.

Bell. This Heresy can never be defended by you: a Man must be blind that inclines to that Opinion before you.

Enter Sir Edward, Smerk, Servants.

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, I ask your Pardon, be pleas'd to walk into the next Room, and take a small Colation to refresh your selves.

Bell. Your Humble Servant.

Sir Edw. This Country Fellow that led you hither, tells me a Tale of Witches, and here's an Uproar in my Family, and they say this Place is haunted with them; I hope you have no Faith in those Things.

Doubt. When I hear a very strange Story, I always think 'tis more likely he should lie that tells it me, than that should be true.

Sir Edw. 'Tis a good Rule for our Belief. [*Exeunt.*]

Smerk. My Blood rises at them, these are damn'd Hobbists and Atheists, I'd have 'em burnt in *Smithfield*.

Isab. Well, these Gentlemen may perhaps go to their Servants and Horses at *Whalley* to Morrow, where they must stay some time before we see 'em again.

Theo. We are ruin'd then: For this Marriage will be so pressed upon us; now the Writings are sealed, and Clothes bought, we shall have no Way to delay it, but downright breaking with our Fathers.

Isab. I am resolv'd to consult with the Gentlemen this Night, whate'er comes on't.

Theo. How canst thou possibly bring it about, my Dear?

Isab. I warrant thee, a Woman's Wit will naturally work about these Matters. Come, my Dear.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

S C E N E

SCENE Sir Edward's Cellar.

Enter all the Witches, and the Devil in the Form of a Buck-Goat after.

Demd. Lo, here our little Master's come,
Let each of us salute his Bum. [*All kiss the Devil's Arse.*
See our Provisions ready here,

To which no Salt must e'er come near. [*Tables rise.*

M. Spen. Who draws the Wine?

Demd. Our Brooms shall do't.

Go thou.

Dicken. And thou.

[*Their Brooms all march off and fetch Bottles.*

Harg. And thou.

M. Spen. And thou.

Devil. What have ye done for my Delight?
Relate the Service of the Night.

Demd. To a Mother's Bed I softly crept,
And while th' unchristen'd Brat yet slept,
I suckt the Breath and Blood of thar,
And stole another's Fleth and Fat,
Which I will boil before it stink;
The thick for Ointment, thin for Drink
I'll keep ———

From a Murderer that hung in Chains,
I bit dry'd Sinews and shrunk Veins.
Marrow and Entrails I have brought,
A piece o'th' Gibbet too I got,
And of the Rope, the fatal Knot.
I sunk a Ship, and in my Flight,
I kickt a Steeple down to Night.

Devil. Well done my Dame; ho, ho, ho, ho!

Dick. To Gibbets I flew, and dismal Caves,
To Charnel Houses and to Graves.
Bones I got, and Fleth enough,
From dead Mens Eyes the glewy Stuff,
Their Eye-Balls with my Nails scoop'd out,
And pieces of their Limbs I've brought ———

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A Brat i'th' Mother's Womb I flew:
The Father's Neck I twisted too.
Dogs barkt, Cocks crow'd, away I flew.

Devil. A good Servant; Ho, ho, ho!

Harg. Flesh from a Raven in a Ditch
I snatcht, and more from a rav'nous Bitch.
'Mongst Tombs I search'd for Flesh and Bone,
With Hair about my Ears alone.
Fingers, Noses, and a Wen,
And the Blood of murder'd Men;
A mad Dog's Foam, and a Wolf's Hairs,
A Serpent's Bowels, Adder's Ears,
I put in my Pouch; and coming back,
The Bells in a Steeple I did crack.
I sent the Murren into Hogs,
And drove the Kine into the Boggs.

Devil. 'Tis well, 'tis well, Ho, ho, ho.

M. Spen. To make up Love Cups I have sought
A Wolf's Tail-hair and Yard; I've got
The green Frogs Bones, whose Flesh was ta'en
From thence by Ants; then a Cat's Brain;
The bunch of Flesh from a black Fole's Head,
Just as his Dam was brought to Bed,
Before she lickt it; and I have some
Of that which falls from a Mare's Womb
When she's in Lust; and as I came home,
I put a Woman into Fits,

And frighted a Parson out of his Wits.

[Dance.

Devil. All's well; Ho, ho, ho, ho.

S O N G.

I.

WHAT Joy like ours can Mortals find?
We can command the Sea and Wind:
All Elements our Charms obey,
And all good Things become our Prey;
And daintiest Meat and lustiest Wine,
We for our Sabbaths still design.

'Mongst

The Lancashire Witches.

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'Mongst all the great Princes the Sun shall e'er see,
None can be so great, or so happy as we.

II.

*We sail in Egg-shells on rough Seas;
And see strange Countries when we please!
Or on our Besomes we may fly,
And nimbly mounting to the Sky,
We leave the swiftest Birds behind,
And when we please outstrip the Wind:
Then we Feast and we Revel after long Flight,
Or with a lov'd Incubus sport all the Night.*

III.

*When we're on Wing, we sport and play,
Mankind, like Emmets, we survey;
With Lightning blast, with Thunder kill,
Cause Barrenness where-e'er we will.
Of full Revenge we have the Power,
And Heaven it it self can have no more.
Here's a Health to our Master the Prince of the Flies,
Who commands from the Centre all up to the Skies.*

*All. Harr, harr, harr, hoo, hoo, sabath, sabath,
sabath, Devil, Devil, Devil, dance here, dance there,
play here, play there; harr, harr, hoo, hoo,
hoo----*

[They all sink and vanish.



A C T III.

Enter Sir Edward Hartford, Bellfort and Doubty.

*Doubt. Y*OU have extremely delighted us this
Morning, by your House, Gardens, your
Accommodation, and your Way of Living; you put
me in mind of the renowned Sidney's admirable De-
scription of Kalandar.

Sir

Sir Edw. Sir, you compliment me too much.

Bell. Methinks you represent to us the golden Days of Queen Elizabeth, such sure were our Gentry then; now they are grown servile Apes to foreign Customs, they leave off Hospitality, for which we were famous all over Europe, and turn Servants to Board-Wages.

Sir Edw. For my Part, I love to have my Servants Part of my Family; the other were, to hire Day-Labourers to wait upon me; I had rather my Friends, Kindred, Tenants and Servants should live well out of me, than Coach-Makers, Taylors, Embroiderers and Lacemen should: To be pointed at in the Streets, and have Fools stare at my Equipage, is a Vanity I have always scorn'd.

Doubt. You speak like one descended from those noble Ancestors that made France tremble, and all the rest of Europe honour 'em.

Sir Edw. I reverence the Memory of 'em: But our New-fashion'd Gentry love the French too well to fight against 'em: they are bred abroad without knowing any thing of our Constitution, and come home tainted with Foppery, slavish Principles, and Popish Religion.

Bell. They bring home Arts of Building from hot Countries to serve for our cold one; and Frugality from those Places where they have little Meat and small Stomachs, to suffice us who have great Plenty and lusty Appetites.

Bell. They build Houses with Halls in 'em, not so big as former Porches; Beggars were better entertain'd by their Ancestors, than their Tenants by them.

Sir Edw. For my Part, I think 'twas never good Days, but when great Tables were kept in large Halls, the Buttery-Hatch always open, Black Jacks, and a good Smell of Meat and March-Beer, with Dogs-Turds and Marrow-Bones as Ornaments in the Hall: These are Signs of good House-keeping; I hate to see Italian fine Buildings, with no Meat or Drink in 'em.

Bell. I like not their little Plates; methinks there's Virtue in an English Surloin.

Doubt.

The Lancashire Witches.

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Doubt. Our Sparks bring nothing but foreign Vices and Follies home; 'tis ridiculous to be bred in one Country, to learn to live in another.

Sir Edw. While we lived thus (to borrow a Coxcomby Word) we made a better Figure in the World.

Bell. You have a Mind that suits your Fortune, and can make your own Happiness.

Sir Edw. The greatest is the Enjoyment of my Friends, and such worthy Gentlemen as your selves; and when I cannot have enough of that, I have a Library, good Horses, and good Musick.

Doubt. Princes may envy such an *English* Gentleman.

Sir Edw. You are too kind. *I am a true Englishman, I love the Prince's Rights and Peoples Liberties, and will defend them both with the last Penny in my Purse, and the last Drop in my Veins, and dare defy the wittlefs Plots of Papists.*

Bell. Spoken like a noble Patriot.

Sir Edw. Pardon me, you talk like *Englishmen*, and you have warm'd me; I hope to see the Prince and People flourish yet, old as I am, in spite of *Jesuits*; I am sure our Constitution is the noblest in the World.

Doubt. Would there were enough such *English* Gentlemen.

Bell. 'Twere to be wisht; but our Gentry are so much poison'd with foreign Vanities, that methinks the Genius of *England* seems sunk into the Yeomanry.

Sir Edw. We have indeed too many rotten Members. You speak like Gentlemen worthy of such noble Fathers, as you both had; but, Gentlemen, I spoke of Musick, I see two of my Artists come into the Garden, they shall entertain you with a Song this Morning. [*A Song.*]

Bell. Sir, you oblige us every Way. Finely compos'd, and excellently perform'd.

Doubt. I see, Sir, you are well serv'd in every thing.

E

Enter

Enter Isabella and Theodosia.

Sir Edw. My sweet Cousin, good Morrow to thee, I hope to call thee shortly by another Name, my dear Child, Heavens bless thee. [*Isab. kneels.*]

Bell. Ladies, your most humble Servant; you are early up to take the Pleasure of the Morning in these Gardens.

Doubt. 'Tis a Paradise you are in; every Object within this Place is ravishing.

Theo. This Place affords Variety of Pleasures; nothing here is wanting.

Bell. Where such fine Ladies are.

Enter Servant, with Teague O Devilly an Irish Priest.

Serv. A Gentleman to speak with you.

Sir Edw. With me! Daughter, pray shew these Gentlemen the Statues, Grotto's, and Water-Works; I'll await on you immediately.

Bell. This is an Opportunity beyond our Hopes.

[*Exit. Bell. Doubt. Isab. Theo.*]

Sir Edw. Would speak with me?

Priest. Arrah, and please ty Oorship, I am come here to dis plaash to maake a Wisitt unto thee; dost thou not know me, Joy?

Sir Edw. Oh! you live at Mr. Redletters, my Catholic Neighbours.

Priest. Ah by my Shoul, ay.

Sir Edw. How came you to venture hither? You are a Popish Priest.

Priest. Ah, but 'tis no matter for all dat, Joy: by my Shoul, but I will taak de Oades, and I think I vill be excus'd; but hark vid you a while, by my troth I shall be a Paapist too for all dat, indeed, yes.

Sir Edw. Excellent Principles!

Priest. I do come for de nonest to see dee, and yet I do not come on Purpose gra: But it is no matter, I will talk vid you aboot dat, I do come upon Occasion, and Mr. Redletter did shend me unto dee. Sir

Sir Edw. For what?

Priest. What vall I say unto de now, but Mr. Red-letter did shend me, and yet I did come off my self too for all dat upon Occasion; daat I did hear concerning of de, daat dy House and de Plaash is all over-run with Witches and Spirits, do you see now?

Sir Edw. I had best let this Fool stay to laugh at him, he may be out of the damn'd Plot, if any Priest was; sure they would never trust this Fool. [Aside.

Priest. What shaall you shay unto me upon all dis? I vill exorcize doze Vitches, and I vill plague dose Devils now by my Shoul, vid Holy-Water, and vid Reliques, and I vill freet 'em out of all dis Plaash, God shaave de King.

Sir Edw. I have forgot your Name.

Priest. They do put me the Name of *Kelly* upon me, Joy; but by my fait I am call'd by my own right Naame, *Tegue O Devilly*.

Sir Edw. *Tegue O Devilly*?

Priest. Yes, a very oold Name in *Eerland*, by my Shalwaation; well gra, I have brought upon my Cloak-bagg shome Holy-vaater, and I vill put it upon de Devils and de Vitches Faashes, and I vill make you shome more Holy-vaater, and you will vaash all de Roomes vid it an be-----

Sir Edw. Well, Father *Tegue O Devilly*, you're Welcome; but how dare you venture publickly in these Times?

Priest. Why, I have a great Consideration upon dy Prudence; for if dou vouldst betray me, now phare vill be de soleedity of dat, Joy?

Sir Edw. I speak not for my self, but others.

Priest. The Devil taak me now, I do tink, I vill suffer for my Religion, I am affraid I vill be slain at lasht at the Plaash they call *St. Tyburn*, but I do not caare by my Shalwaation: for if I vill be hang'd, I vill be a Saint presently, and all my Country shall pray unto *St. Tegue*; besides, shome great People vill be nameless too, I tell you I shay no more, but I vill be prayed unto, Joy.

Sir Edw. Pray'd too! very well.

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Priest. Yes, by my shoul vill I, and I vill have Reliques made of me too.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir *Jeffery Shacklehead* and my Lady have some Businels with you, and desire your Company within.

Sir Edw. Come, Father *Tegue*, come along with me. Do you hear, find the Gentlemen that are walking with my Daughter and her Cousin, and tell 'em I will wait upon 'em presently. [*Ex. Sir Edw. and Priest.*]

Serv. I will. They are here. Gentlemen, my Master is call'd away upon Businels, he begs your Excuse, and will wait upon you presently. [*Ex. Serv.*]

Bell. Heaven gives us yet a longer Opportunity, and certainly intends we should make use of it; I have my own Parson that comes to hunt with me at *Whalley*; Madam, an excellent School-Divine, that will end all Differences betwixt us.

Isab. He is like to begin 'em betwixt us; the Name of a Parson is a dreadful Name upon these Occasions, he'll bring us into a Condition we can never get out of, but by Death.

Bell. If the absolute Command of me and my Fortune can please you, you shall never desire to get out of it.

Doubt. I should at more Distance, and with more Reverence approach you, Madam, did not the shortness of the Time, and the great Danger of losing you, force me to be free; throw not away this precious Time, a Minute now is inestimable.

Iteo. Yet I must consider on that Minute on which the Happiness or Misery of all my Life may depend.

Isab. How can I imagine that you, who have rambl'd up and down the Southern World, should at last fix on a Home-bred Mistress in the North? How can you be in Earnest?

Bell. Consult your Understanding, and your Looking-Glass; one will you how witty, wise and good you are; the other, how beautiful, how sweet, how charming.

Isab.

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Isab. Men before they are married, turn the great End of their Perspective ; but the little End after it.

Bell. They are Men of ill Eyes, and worse Understanding ; but for your Perfections, there needs no Perspective.

Theo. If I were inclin'd to Marriage, methinks we are not well enough acquainted yet to think of that.

Doubt. To my Reputation I suppose you are no Stranger, nor to my Estate, which lies all in the next County ; and for my Love, I will convince you of it, by settling whatever you please, or all that Estate upon you before I expect any Favour from you.

Theo. You are so generous beyond my Deserts, that I know not how to credit you.

Doubt. Your Modesty is too great, and your Faith too little.

Enter Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Death ! Who are these with my Mistress and my Sister ? Oh ! they are the silly Fellows that we saw at the Spaw, that came hither last Night. Do you know, Sir, that this is my Mistress, Sir ?

Bell. I know, Sir, that no Man is worthy of that Honour.

Sir Tim. Yes, Sir, I will make you know that I am, Sir, and she has the Honour to be my Mistress.

Bell. Very well, Sir.

Sir Tim. Very well, Sir ! No, 'tis very ill, Sir, that you should have the Boldness to take my Mistress by the Hand, Sir ; and if you do, Sir, I must tell you, Sir——What do you smile, Sir ?

Bell. A Man may do what he will with his own Face. I may smile, Sir——

Sir Tim. If you do, Sir, I will fight, Sir, I tell you that Sir, hah !

Isab. Sir Timothy, you are a bloody-minded Man.

Sir Tim. 'Tis for my Honour, my Honour, he is plaguely afraid ; look you, Sir, if you smile, Sir, at me, Sir, I will kick, Sir, that's more, Sir.

Bell. If you do, Sir, you will be the Fifteenth Man I have run through the Body, Sir.

Sir Tim. Hah! What does he say, through the Body? Oh!

Theo. Yonder's my Brother, we must not be so particular, let's join.

Sir Tim. How! the Body, Sir?

Bell. Yes, Sir; my Custom is (if it be a great Affront, I kill them for) I rip out their Hearts, dry 'em to Powder, and make Snuff of 'em.

Sir Tim. Oh Lord! Snuff!

Bell. I have a small Box full in my Pocket; Sir, will you please to take some?

Sir Tim. No, Sir, I thank you Sir: Snuff, quotha! I will have nothing to do with such a cruel Man; I say no more, Sir.

Doubt. Your Servant, Sir---

Sir Tim. Your Servant, Sir; does he take such Snuff too?

Bell. The same---Do you hear, Sir; if you value your own Life, which I will save for the Family's sake, not a Word of this to any Man.

Sir Tim. No, Sir; not I, Sir. Your Humble Servant.

Enter Sir Edward.

Sir Edw. I ask your Pardon, Gentlemen; I was stay'd by what, if you please to walk in, will divert you well enough.

Doubt. We will wait on you, Sir.

Sir Edw. Daughter, Sir *Jeffery* and my Lady have made Complaints of you, for abusing Sir *Timothy*; let me hear no more on't, we have resolv'd the Marriage shall be to Morrow, it will become you to be upon a little better Terms to Day.

Sir Tim. Do you hear that, Gentlewoman?

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, I have sent to *Whalley* for all your Servants, and Horses, and Dogs; you must do me the Honour to make some Stay with me.

Bell.

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Bell. We cannot enough acknowledge your great Civility.

Sir Edw. No Compliments ; I oblige my self. *Sir Jeffery Shacklehead* and I have just now agreed, that to Morrow shall be the Day of Marriage between our Sons and Daughters.

Theo. Very short Warning.

Sir Edw. He'll not delay it longer.

Theo. I'll in and see what's the Reason of this sudden Resolution.

Bell. Sir, we wait on you.

Sir Edw. Stay you there a while with *Sir Timothy*,

[*Ex. all but Sir Tim. and Isab.*]

Sir Tim. Dear Cousin, prithee be kinder to me, I protest and vow, as I am a Christian, I love thee better than both my Eyes, for all this.

Isab. Why how now, Dog's Face ; hast thou the Impudence to make Love again, with that hideous Countenance ? that very insipid silly Physiognomy of thine, with that most piteous Mien ! why, thou lookest like an O-operator for Teeth.

Sir Tim. This is all Sham, I won't believe it ; I can see my self in the great Glass, and to my Mind, no Man looks more like a Gentleman than my self.

Isab. A Gentleman ! with that silly waddling, shuffling Gate ; thou hast not Mien enough for a Chief Constable ; every Change of thy Countenance, and every Motion of thy Body proclaims thee an Ass.

Sir Tim. Ay, ay, come Madam, I shall please you better when I am marry'd, with a Trick that I have, I tell yee.

Isab. Out of my Sight, thou makest me sick to see thee.

Sir Tim. I shall be more familiar with you to Morrow Night : oh my dear Rogue ! ---- well, I say no more ; Faith I shall ; well, no more to be said.

Isab. Be gone, thou Basilisk ! Here I vow, if thou wert the only Man on Earth, the Kind should cease, rather than I would marry thee.

Sir Tim. You'll be in a better Humour to Morrow Night, though you are such a Vixen now.

Isab.

Ifab. This Place, where some Materials are to mend the Wall, furnish me with Ammunition; be gone I say.

Sir Tim. I shan't do't, I know when I'm in good Company; come, prithee Cousin, do not let us fool any longer; to Morrow we shall be one Flesh --- d'ye see.

Ifab. I had rather be inoculated into a Tree, than to be made one Flesh with thee; can that *Westphalia* Hide of thine ever become one Flesh with me? when I can become one Ass with thee, it may; you shall never change my Mind.

Sir Tim. Well, well, I shall have your Body to Morrow Night; I warrant you your Mind shall soon follow it.

Ifab. Be gone, thou infinite Coxcomb, I'll set thee farther.

[*She throws Stones at him.*]

Sir Tim. What! what! what a Pox! hold! what a Devil, are you mad? Flesh! Heart! hold! what a Plague! usdbud, I could find in my Heart to turn again.

Ifab. Do, filthy Face, do if thou dar'st!

Sir Tim. Oh Help! Murder, Murder! [*Ex. Sir Tim.*]

Ifab. I have no Patience with this Fool; no Racks, no Tortures shall force me to marry him. [*Ex. Ifab.*]

Enter Young Hartford and Theodosia.

Theo. I am very indifferent about this Matrimony, and for ought I see, you are so too.

Yo. Har. I must confess you are as fine a Gentlewoman as I ever saw, and I am not worthy of you; but my Farther says he will disinheric me, if I will not marry you to Morrow; therefore I desire you would please to think on't.

Theo. I will think on't.

Yo. Har. You shall command all my Estate, and do what you will; for my Part, I resolve all my Life, to give up my self wholly to my Sports, and my Horses, and my Dogs, and to drink now and then a Cup of Ale with my Neighbours. I hate Wine.

Theo.

Theo. You will do very well.

Yo. Har. He says we must be married to Morrow Morning at Ten; I can be a Hawking by Six, and come home time enough; I would be loath to neglect my Hawking at Powts in the height of the Season.

Theo. By no means, you'd do very ill if you should.

Yo. Har. Ay, so I should; but shall I tell my Father that you will have me to Morrow? You know the Writings are sealed, and Wedding Cloaths bought of all Sides.

Theo. Well, I shall do as becomes me.

Yo. Har. Well, Cousin, there's no more to be said betwixt you and I then; *pauca Verba*, a Word to the Wife, I say, is enough; so I rest your humble Servant to command: I'll tell my Father what you say presently, your Servant; to tell you truly, I had never so much mind to be married as now; for I have been so wondrously frightened with Witches, that I am afraid to lie alone, d'ye see; well, I am glad this Business is over; a Pox upon all making Love for me. [*Ex. Yo. Har.*]

Theo. I thought I saw my Cousin in yon Walk, 'tis time for us to consult what to do; my Father and Mother are resolved upon to Morrow for the fatal Day.

[*Exit. Theo.*]

Enter Smerk, Priest, and Mrs. Susan.

Priest. By my Shoule, Joy, I thank you for my Fast-break, for it does give Refreshment unto me, and Consolation too, gra.

Smerk. Thank you Mrs. Susan, my Caudle was admirable, I am much strengthened by these good Creatures.

Susan. Yours was admirable ---- if Mother Demdike has any Skill; I shall find the Operation before Night, and I will be reveng'd for his Scorn to me. [*Aside.*]

Priest. Though thou dost know me, yet thou dost shay thou wilt tell nothing concerning me.

Smerk. No; for my Part, though I differ in some Things, yet I honour the Church of Rome as a true Church.

Priest.

Priest. By my Shalwaation ye did all come out of us indeed, and I have Expectaation daat you will come in agen, and I think I will live to shée it; perhaps I will tell you now, you had your Ordination too with us.

Smerk. For my Part, I think the Papists are honest, loyal Men, and the Jesuits died innocent.

Priest. Phaant! dou dosht not believe de Plot; de Devil taake me.

Smerk. No, no, no Popish Plot, but a Presbyterian one.

Priest. Aboo, boo, boo, by my Shalwaation I will embraash dy Father Child, and I will put a great Kish upon dy Cheeke, now for dat; ay dear ish a damn'd Presbyterian Plot to put out de Paapist, and de Priests, and de good Men; and if I would have my Mind, de Devil taak me, I would shée 'em all broil and fry in the Plaash they call Smithfield, Joy.

Smerk. I would have Surplices cram'd down their Throats, or would have 'em hang'd in Canonical Girdles.

Priest. Let me embraash my Joy agen for daat.

Enter Bellfort and Doubty.

Bell. We shall have excellent Sport with these Priests, see, they are come from their Breakfast, and embracing.

Priest. And dou dosht not believe the Paapist's Plot, my Joy?

Smerk. No, but the damn'd Presbyterian Plot I do: I would be a Turk before I would be a Presbyterian; Rogues, Villains.

Priest. By my Shoule I will give Satisfaction unto dee, and maak dee of my Church, we have shome good Friends of dy Church, and dou art almost as good a Friend as he in de West, I have forgot his Naam; I do take it did begin vid a T.

Doubt. How now! Do not you believe a Popish Plot?

Smerk.

Smerk. No, but a Presbyterian one I do.

Bell. This is great Impudence, after the King has affirm'd it in so many Proclamations, and three Parliaments have voted it, Nemine contradicente.

Smerk. Parliaments! tell me of Parliaments! with my Bible in my Hand, I'll dispute with the whole House of Commons; Sir, I hate Parliaments, none but Phanaticks, Hobbists and Atheists believe the Plot.

Priest. By my Fait and Trot, dou dosht maak me weep indeed; by my Soul, Joy, dou wilt be a good Catholick, if I will instrust dee: I will weep on dee indeed.

Bell. Why the true and wise Church of Englandmen believe it, and are a great Rock against the Church of Rome.

Doubt. And preach and write learnedly against it; but such Fellows as you, are Scandals to the Church; a Company of Tantivy Fools.

Bell. All the eminent Men of the Church of England believe the Plot, and detest it with Horror, and abominate the Religion that contriv'd it.

Smerk. Not all the eminent Men, for I am of another Opinion.

Priest. By my Shoul! by my Shoul Joy! dey are our Enemies, and I would have no Fait put upon dem; but dis is my dear Friend.

Doubt. This is a Rascal conceal'd in the Church, and is none of it; sure his Patron knows him not.

Bell. No certainly!

Smerk. You are Hobbists and Atheists.

Priest. It is no matter for all dat, Joy; what dey do shay unto dee; for by Chrest, and by St. Paatrick dey be Heretick Dogs, by my Shalwaation dou dosht maak me weep upon de agen; by de Lady Mary, I think I will be after reconciling dee to de Catholick Church indeed.

Enter Sir Jeffery, Lady Shacklehead, Sir Edward, Isabella; and Theodosia.

Sir Jeff. Your Servant Gentlemen.

La. Sha. Your most humble Servant.

Bell.

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Bell. } Your most humble Servant.
Doubt. }

Sir Edw. Is not my *Irishman* a pleasant Fellow ?

Doubt. A great Father of the Church.

Bell. And perhaps may come to be hang'd for't.

Sir Edw. *Sir Jeffery* is going to take some Informations about Witches, perhaps that may divert you not ill. 'Tis against my Opinion, but I give him his Way.

La. Sha I hope you are pleas'd to pardon my Incivility, in rushing unawares into your Chamber last Night ; but I know you are so much a Gentleman, so well bred, and so accomplish'd, I know you do---

Doubt. Madam.

La. Sha. And for that Reason I will make you my Confident in a Business, that perhaps, I do not know, but I think it may be to your Disadvantage. I will communicate it to you in Private. Now *Sir Jeffery* and I are to take some Examinations ; I assist him very much in his Business, or he could never do it.

[*He sits down, and Lady Shacklehead.*]

Sir Jeff. Call in these Fellows, let's hear what they'll say about these Witches; come on ; Did you serve my Warrant on Mother Demdike ?

[*They call the Constable in, and a Country Fellow.*]

Const. Sir, I went to her House (ant please your Worship) and lookt in at her Window, and she was feeding three great Toads, and they danc'd and leapt about her ; and she suckled a great black Cat, well nigh as big as a Spaniel ; I went into the House, and she vanisht, and there was nothing but the Cat in the middle, who spit and star'd at me, and I was frighted away.

Sir Jeff. An arch Witch, I warrant her.

Const. I went out at the Back-Door, and by the Threshold sat a great Hare, I struck at it, and it run away ; and ever since I have had a great Pain in my Back, and cannot make Water, saving your Presence.

Sir Edw. A Fit of the Gravel.

Priest. No, by my Shoule, she is a great Vitch, and I vill cure you upon daat. Sir

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Sir Jeff. No; I tell you, *Sir Edward*, I am sure she is a Witch; and between you and I, last Night, when I would have been kind to my Wife, she bewitched me, I found it so.

Sir Edw. Those things will happen about Five and Fifty.

Priest. I vill tell you now, Joy, I vill cure you too. Taak one of dee Tooth of a dead Man, and bee, and burn it, and taak de Smoke into both your Noses, as you taak Snuch, and anoint your self vid de Gaall of a Crow; taak Quicksilver, as dey do call it, and put up-on a Quil, and plaash it under de shoft Pillow you do shut upon, deen maak some Waater through de Ring of a Wedding, by *St. Patrick*, and I vill say some *Ave-Maaries* for dee, and dou wilt be found agen: gra.

Sir Edw. A very learned Man in these Matters, that comes hither on Purpose.

Sir Jeff. Who is this pretends to Skill in Witchcraft? I shall be glad of your better Acquaintance.

Priest. I vill bee very vell pleased to bee after being acquainted vid dee, Joy.

La. Sha. Have you any more to say, Fellow? speak to me.

Const. Why, an't please your Worship, Forsooth, Mother *Demdike* said she would be reveng'd on me for not giving her some Butter-milk; and the next Night coming from *Rachdale*, I saw a great black Hog, and my Horse threw me; and I lost a Hog that Night, he dy'd, that was as well when he went to Bed, as ever he was since he was born.

La. Sha. 'Tis enough, a plain, a manifest Witch; make a Warrant for her.

Sir Jeff. Ay, do.

La. Sha. Take some of the Thatch of her House, and burn it at your House, and you shall see she will come streight.

Sir Jeff. Oh, to Morrow about Dawn, piss in a Por, and cover it with your right, nether Stocking, and the Witch will be tormented in her Bladder, and come to you roaring before Night.

Doubt. A most profound Science.

F

Bell.

Bell. And poor, old, ignorant Wretches must be hang'd for this.

Const. A Cow of mine is bewitch'd too, and runs about the Close as if she were mad; and that, I believe Mother *Hargrave* bewitcht her, because I deny'd her some *Gof---good*.

Sir Jeff. Put her into the Warrant too: 'Tis enough, a little thing will serve for an Evidence against a Witch.

Sir Edw. A very little one.

Priest. Put a pair of Breeches, or *Irish* Trowfers upon your Cow's Head, Fellow, upon a *Friday* Morning, and wid a great Stick maak beat upon her, till she do depart out of de Close, and she vill repair unto de Vitches Door, and she vill knock upon it wid her Horns indeed.

Const. Thank you, good Sir.

Sir Jeff. Sir, I see you are a learned Man in this Business, and I honour you.

Priest. Your Servant, Sir; I vill put some Holy Water into your Cows Mout, and I vill maak Cure upon her for all daat, indeed.

La. Sha. Come, has any one else any thing to inform?

Const. Yes, an't please your Worship, here's a Neighbour, *Thomas O Georges*.

Tho. O Geo. Why, an't please your Worships, I was at *Mal Spencer's* House, where he wons i'th' Lone, and whoo has a meeghtry great Cat, a black one by'r Lady, and whoo kist and who clipt Cat, and ay sent me dawn a bit (meet a bit) and believe Cat went under her Coats. Quo Ay, what don you doo with that fow Cat? Why, says whoo, who soukes me. Soukes tee! matty that's whaint, quo Ay, by'r Lady, what can Cat do besides? Why, says whoo, woost carry me to *Rachdale* belive. Whaw, quo Ay, that's pratty! Why, says whoo, yeost ha one an yeow win to carry yeow; by'r Lady, quo Ay, with aw my Heart, and thank ow too, marry 'twill save my Tur a pow'r of Labour; so woo caw'd a Cat to me, a huge Cat, and we ridden both to *Rachdale* streight along.

Bell. Well said, this was home; I love a Fellow that will go through stich.

Sir

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Sir Jeff. This is a Witch indeed! put her Name in.

Priest. This is naw thing by my Shoule, I will tell you now it is naw thing for all daat; a Vitch, if she be a good Vitch, will ride upon a Grashopper, I tell you very well, and yet a Grashopper is but a weak Beast neither; you do maak wonder upon dis, but by my Shoule it is naw thing.

Sir Jeff. Where did you take Cat, say you, together?

Tho. O Geo. Why we took Cat i'th' Lone, meet a Mile off.

Sir Jeff. So you rid eight Mile upon Cats: Are there any more Informations?

Const. No more, an't please your Worship, but when I have once taken 'em, enough will come in.

La. Sha. Go then about taking 'em, and bring 'em before Sir Jeffery and my self, I'll warrant you we'll order 'em.

Priest. I vill tell you now, Fellow, rake de Shoe of a Horse, and nail it upon your Threshold, de Plaash dou dōst go into dy Door upon.

Sir Jeff. And put a Clove of Garlick into the Roof of thy House.

La. Sha. Fennel is very good in your House against Spirits and Witches, and Alicium, and the Herb Mullein, and Long-wort, and Moly too is very good.

Priest. Burn some Brimstone, and maak a sweet Fume of de Gall of a black Dogg, Joy, and besmear dy Poshts, and dy Valls, and bee, and crofs dy self, and I vill touch de vid Reliques, and dee too, gra.

Const. Thank you good Sir.

Tho. O Geo. Thank a.

Sir Edw. Is not this an excellent Art?

Bell. 'Tis so extravagant, that a Man would think they were all in Dreams that ever writ of it.

Doubt. I see no manner of Evidences against these poor Creatures.

Bell. I could laugh at these Fools sufficiently, but that all the while our Mistresses are in Danger.

Doubt. Our time is very short, prithee let's consider what's to be done.

Ifab. Well, my dear, I must open my Heart to thee, I am so much in Love with *Bellfort*, that I shall die if I lose him.

Theo. Poor *Isabella*; dying is something an inconvenient Business; and yet I should live very uncomfortably without my Spark.

Ifab. Our Time's very short, prithee let's play the Fool no longer, but come to the Point when we meet 'em.

Theo. Agreed: But when shall we meet 'em?

Ifab. I warrant thee before Midnight.

Sir Edw. Come, let us take one Turn in the Garden, and by that time my Dinner will be ready.

Bell. Madam, for Heaven's sake consider on what a short Time my Happiness or Ruin depends.

Ifab. Have a care, *Sir Jeffery* and his Lady will be jealous.

Bell. This is a good Sign.

[*To himself.*]

Theo. Not a Word, we shall be suspected; at Night we will design a Conference.

Enter Mal Spencer and Clod.

M. Spen. Why so unkind *Clod*? You frown and wonnot kiss me.

Clod. No marry, I'll be none of thy Imp, I wott.

M. Spen. What dost thou mean my Love? prithee kiss me.

Clod. Stand off! by'r Lady, an I list Kibbo once, I'll raddle thy Bones: thou art a fow Wheane, I tell o that, thou art a fow Witch.

M. Spen. I a Witch! a poor innocent young Lads, that's whaint, I am not awd enough for that Mon.

Clod. And I believe mine Eyne, by the Mafs I saw you in *Sir Yedard's* Cellar last Neeght with your Haggs, thou art a rank Witch, uds Flesh, I'll not come near thee.

M. Spen. Did you see me? Why if I be a Witch, I am the better Fortune for you, you may fare of the best and be rich.

Clod. Fare! marry, I'll fare none with thee, I'll not be hang'd, nor go to the De'el for thee, not I byth' Mafs, but I will hang thee on I con, by'r Lady.

M. Spen. Say you so, Rogue? I'll plague you for that.

[*She goes out.*]

Clod.

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Clod. What is whoo gone? 'Tis for no good marry;
I ha' scap'd a fine Waif, a fow Carrion, by'r Lady, I'll
hang the Whean, and there be no more Witches in *Lan-*
cashire. Flesh, what's 'tis?

[*Mal Enters with a Bridle, and puts it on e'er he is aware.*

Mal. Spen. A Horse, a Horse, be thou to me,
And carry me where I shall flee.

[*She gets upon him and flies away.*

Enter Demdike, Dickenson, Hargrave, &c. with their
Imps, and Madge, who is to be the new Witch.

Demd. Within this shattered Abby Walls,
This Pit o'ergrown with Brakes and Briers,
Is fit for our dark Works, and here
Our Master dear will soon appear,
And make thee Mother *Madge* a Witch,
Make thee be happy, long-liv'd, rich,
Thou wilt be powerful and wise,
And be reveng'd of thy Enemies!

Madg. 'Tis that I'd have, I thank you Dame.

Demd. Here take this Imp, and let him suck,
He'll do whate'er thou biddest him, call
Him *Puck Hairry*.

Madg. Come hither *Puck Hairry*.

[*An Imp in the Shape of a black Shock comes to her.*

Demd. Where is thy Contract written in Blood?

Madg. 'Tis here.

Demd. So, 'tis firm and good.

Where's my *Mamillion*? Come, my Rogue,
And take thy Dinner.

Dicken. Where's my *Puggy*?

Come to me, and take thy Duggy.

Harg. Come, my Rouncy, where art thou?

Enter Mal Spencer, leading Clod in a Bridle.

M. Spen. Come, Sirrah, I have switcht you well.
I'll tie you up now to the Rack.

[*She ties him up, and joins with the other Witches.*

Well mer, Sisters, where's my *Pucklin*?

Come away, my pretty Sucklin.

Clod. Wauns and Flefh, what con Ay do naw. I am turn'd into a Horfe, a Capo, a meer Titt; Flefh. Ayft ne'er be a Mon agen, I marle I con fpeak, I conno Pray, I wor, a pox o'th' De'el, mun Ay live of Oates, Beans, and Hay aw my Life, inftead of Beef and Pudding? Uds Flefh, I'll Neigh too. [*He Neighs.*] Oh whoo has fwitche and spur'd me plaguely, Ay am raw all over me, whoo has ridden a waunded Way about too.

Demd. Ointment for flying here I have,
Of Childrens Fat ftoln from the Grave.
The Juice of Smallege and Night-Shade,
Of Poplar Leaves, and Aconite made;
With thefe

The Aromatick Read I boil,
With Water-Parfnip, and Cinquefoil;
With ftore of Soot, and add to that
The reeking Blood of many a Batt.

Dick. From the Seas flimy Owfe, a Weed
I fetch'd, to open Locks at need.

With Coats tuck'd up, and with my Hair
All flowing loofely in the Air,
With naked Feet I went among
The poisonous Plants, there Adders Tongue,
With Aconite and Martagon,
Henbane, Hemlock, Moon-wort too,
Wild Fig-Tree, that o'er Tombs does grow,
The deadly Night-shade, Cypress, Yew,
And Libhard's Bane, and venomous Dew,
I gathered for my Charms.

Harg. And I

Dug up a Mandrake which did cry.
Three Circles I made, and the Wind was good,
And looking to the Weft I ftood.

M. Spen. The Bones of Frogs I got, and the Blood,
With Screech-Owls Eggs, and Feathers too.
Here's a Wall-Toad, and Wings of Batts,
The Eyes of Owls, the Brains of Cats.

[*The Devil appears in Humane Shape, with
Four Attendants.*]

Demd. Peace, here's our Mafter, him falute,

And

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And kiss the Toe of his Cloven-Foot. [*They kiss the Devil's Foot.*
Now our new Sister we present,
The Contract too, sign it with Blood.

[*Madge signs it with her Blood.*]

Devil. First, Heav'n you must renounce.

Madg. I do.

Devil. Your Baptism thus, I wash out too.
The new Name *Maudlin* you must take,
And all your Gossips must forsake,
And I these new ones for you make.

Demd. A piece of your Garment now present.

Madg. Here, take it Master, I'm content. [*Gives it him.*]

Demd. Within this Circle I make here,
Truth to our Master you must swear.

Madg. I do.

Devil. You must each Month some murdered Children
Besides your Yearly Tribute at your Day. (pay,

Madg. I will.

Devil. Some secret Part I with my Mark must sign,
A lasting Token that you are wholly mine.

Madg. Oh! [*The Devil takes her Hands between his.*]

Demd. Now do your Homage,

Devil. Curse Heaven, plague Mankind, go forth
and be a Witch. [*The Musick sounds in the Air.*]

SONG. Chorus in Three Parts.

Welcome, welcome, happy be,
In this blest Society.

1. Men and Beasts are in thy Power,
Thou canst save, and thou canst devour,
Thou canst bless, and curse the Earth,
And cause Plenty, or a Dearth.

Chor. Welcome, &c.

2. O'er Nature's Powers thou canst prevail,
Raise Winds, bring Snow, or Rain, or Hail,
Without their Causes, and canst make
The steady Course of Nature shake.

Chor. Welcome, &c.

3. Thou canst mount upon the Clouds,
And skim o'er the rugged Floods;

Thou

The Lancashire Witches.

Thou canst dive to the Sands below,
And through the solid Earth canst go.

Chor. Welcome, &c.

- 4. *Thou'lt open Locks, or through a Chink
Shalt creep for daintiest Meat and Drink.
Thou mayst sleep on the Tops of Trees,
And lie in Flowers like Humble Bees.*

Chor. Welcome, &c.

5. *Revenge, Revenge, the sweetest Part
Of all thou hast by thy Black Art.
On Heaven thou ne'er shalt fix thy Mind,
For here 'tis Heav'n to plague Mankind.*

[They Dance with fantastick and unusual Postures.

Devil. At your Command, all Nature's Course shall
And all the Elements make War or Peace: (cease,
The Sky no more shall its known Laws obey,
Night shall retreat, whilst you prolong the Day.
Thy Charms shall make the Moon and Stars come down,
And in thick Darkneſs hide the Sun at Noon.
Winds thou ſhalt raiſe, and ſtrait their Rage control,
The Orbs upon their Axes ſhall not roll;
Hearing thy mighty Charms, the troubled Sky
Shall crack with Thunder, Heav'n not knowing why.
Without one Puff, the Waves ſhall foam and rage,
Then though all Winds together ſhould engage,
The ſilent Sea ſhall not the Tempeſt feel,
Vallies ſhall roar, and trembling Mountains reel.
At thy Command, Woods from their Seats ſhall rove,
Stones from their Quarries, and fixt Oaks remove.
Vaſt ſtanding Lakes ſhall flow, and, at thy Will,
The moſt impetuous Torrents ſhall ſtand ſtill:
Swift Rivers ſhall (while wond'ring Banks admire)
Back to their Springs with violent haſte retire.
Thy Charms ſhall blaſt full Fruits, and ripen'd Ears:
Eaſe anxious Minds, and then afflict with Cares.
Give Love, where Nature cannot, by thy Skill,
And any living Creature ſave or kill:
Raiſe Ghoſts, transform your ſelf, or whom you will.

Enter Tom. Shacklehead, with a Gun on his Shoulder.

Demd. Who's here! who's here!

Tom.

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Tom. Sha. Waunds, what's here! the Witches by'r Lady. I'll shoot amongst 'em; have at ye. [*They all vanish, and Clod neighs.*] Hey, Dive-dappers, Dive-dappers: What a Devil's here! *Clod* tied by a Bridle, and neighing! What a Pox ail'st thou? Const a tell?

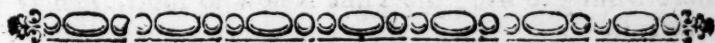
[*Tom. Shacklehead takes off the Bridle.*]

Clod. Uds Fleih, I am a Mon agen naw! Why, I was a Horse, a mere Tit, I had lost aw my Speech, and could do naught but neigh; Fleih, I am a Mon agen.

Tom. Sha. What a dickens is this Fellow wood?

Clod. Ise ta the Bridle with me, fly from the De'el, and the Witches, and I'll tell you aw at the Ale-house.

Tom. Sha. What a murrain ails the Hobbel? I mun follow, and see whar's the Matter. [Exit. Omnes.]



A C T IV.

*Enter Sir Edward, Sir Jeffery, Lady Shacklehead,
Sir Timothy, and Isabella.*

Sir Jeff. I Am sorry I am forced to complain of my Cousin.

La. Sha. Sorry! marry, so am not I; I am sorry she is so pert and ill-bred. Truly *Sir Edward*, 'tis unsufferable for my Son, a Man of his Quality and Title, born of such a Family, and so educated, to be so abused, and to have Stones thrown at him, like a Dog.

Sir Jeff. We must e'en break off the Match, *Sir Edward*.

Sir Edw. Sir, I am asham'd of it, I blush and grieve to hear it. Daughter, I never thought to see this Day.

Isab. Sir, I am so amazed, I know not what to say; I abuse my Cousin! Sure he is bewitched.

Sir Tim. I think I am, to love you after it; I am sure my Arm is black and blue, that it is.

Isab. He jested with me, as I thought, and would have ruffled me, and kissed me, and I run from him, and in foolish Play, I quoited a little Stone or two at him.

Sir

Sir Tim. And why did you call me filthy Face, and ugly Fellow? hah, Gentlewoman!

La. Sha. He ugly! nay, then I have no Eyes; though I say't that should not say't, I have not seen his Fellow---

Ifab. Nor I neither! 'twas a Jest, a Jest, he told me he was handsomer for a Man than I was for a Woman.

Sir Jeff. Why, look you there, you Blockhead, you Clown, you Puppy; why do you trouble us with this impertinent Lye?

La. Sha. Good Words, Sir Jeffery, 'twas not so much amiss; hah, I'll tell you that.

Sir Edw. Sure this is some Mistake; you told me you were willing to marry.

Ifab. I did not think I should be put to acknowledge it before this Company: But Heaven knows, I am not more willing to live; the Time is now so short, I may confess it.

Sir Edw. You would not use him, you intend to marry ill.

Ifab. Love him, I am to marry, more than Light or Liberty. I have thus long dissembled it through Modesty; but, now I am provoked, I beseech you, Sir, think not that I'd dishonour you so.

Sir Edw. Look you, you have made her weep; I never found her false or disobedient.

Sir Tim. Nay, good dear Cousin, don't cry, you'll make me cry too; I can't forbear, I ask your Pardon with all my Heart, I vow I do; I was to blame, I must confess.

La. Sha. Go too, Sir Timothy, I never could believe one of your Parts would play the Fool so.

Sir Edw. And you will marry to Morrow?

Ifab. I never wisht for any thing so much; you make me blush to say this.

La. Sha. Sweet Cousin forgive me, and Sir Jeffery, and Sir Timothy.

Ifab. Can I be angry at any thing, when I am to be married to Morrow? And I am sure I will be, to him I love more than I hate this Fool. [Aside.

Sir Jeff. I could find in my Heart to break your Head, Sir Timothy; you are a Puppy. Sir

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Sir Edw. Come, let's leave 'em together, to understand one another better.

Sir Jeff. Cousin, Daughter I should say, I beg your Pardon, your Servant.

La. Sha. Servant, sweet Daughter.

[*Ex. Sir Edw. Sir Jeff. and Lady.*]

Sir Tim. Dear Cousin, be in good Humour, I could with my self well beaten for mistaking one that loves me so; I would I might ne'er stir, if I did not think you had been in earnest; well, but I vow and swear I am mightily beholden to you, that you think me so fine a Person, and love me so dearly. Oh, how happy am I, that I shall have thee to Morrow in these Arms! by these ten Bones, I love thee more than all the Ladies in London, put them together. Prithee speak to me; O that Smile kills me; oh I will so hug and kiss thee, and love thee to Morrow Night ——— I'd give Forty Pounds to Morrow Night were to Night; I hope we shall have Twins before the Year comes about.

Isab. Do you so Pappy?

[*She gives him a Box on the Ear, and pulls him by the Ears.*]

Sir Tim. Help! help! murder! murder!

Isab. Help! help! murder! murder!

Sir Tim. What a Devil's to do now? Hah! she counterfeits a Swoon.

Enter Theodosia at one Door, and Sir Jeffery and Lady at the other.

Theo. How now, my Dear! what's the Matter?

Sir Tim. I feel the Matter; she gave me a Cuff, and lug'd me by the Ears, and I think she is in a Swoon.

Isab. O the Witch! the Witch came just now into the Room, and struck Sir Timothy, and lug'd him, and beat me down.

Sir Tim. Oh Lord, a Witch! Ay, 'twas a two-leg'd Witch.

Isab. And, as soon as she had done, she run out of that Door.

Theo. 'Tis very true, I met her and was frightened, and left her muttering in the next Room. Sir

Sir Tim. Oh Impudence!

Sir Jeff. You Puppy, you Coxcomb, will you never leave these Lyes? Is the Fellow bewitch'd?

[*He cudgels Sir Tim.*

La. Sha. Go, Fool, I am asham'd of you.

Sir Jeff. Let's see if we can take this Witch.

La. Sha. Quickly, before she flies away.

[*Ex. Sir Jeff. and Lady.*

Sir Tim. Well, I have done, I'll ne'er tell Tale more.

Ifab. Be gone Fool, go.

Sir Tim. Well, I will endure this, but I am resolved to marry her to Morrow, and be revenged on her; if she serves me so then, I will tickle her Toby for her, faith I will.

[*Ex. Sir Tim.*

Ifab. Well, I'll be gone, and get out of the Way of 'em.

Theo. Come on.

Enter Young Hartford Drunk.

Yo. Har. Madam! Cousin, hold a little; I desire a Word with you.

Theo. I must stay.

Ifab. Adieu then.

Yo. Har. I am drunken well neegh, and now I am not so, hala, (since we must marry to Morrow) I pray you now let us be a little better acquainted to Neeght; I'll make bold to salute you in a Civil Way.

Theo. The Fool's drunk.

Yo. Har. By the Mass she kisses rarely, uds lud, she has a Breath as sweet as a Cow; I have been a Hawking, and have brought you home a power of Powts in my Bag here; we have had the rarest Sport; we had been at it still, but that 'tis Neeght.

Theo. You have been at some other Sport I see.

Yo. Har. What, because I am merry? Nay, and I list, I can be as merry as the best on 'em all.

*An onny mon smait my Sweat Heart,
Aysf smait bim agen an I con,
Flesh! what care I for a brokken Yead;
For onest a Mon's a Mon.*

Theo.

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Theo. I see you can be merry indeed.

Yo. Har. Ay, that I can, Fa, la, la, fa, la. [*He sings Roger a Coverly.*] I was at it Helter Skelter in excellent Ale, with *Londoners* that went a Hawking, brave Roysters, honest Fellows, that did not believe the Plot.

Theo. Why, don't you believe the Plot?

Yo. Har. No, the Chaplain has told me all; there's no Popish Plot, but there's a Presbyterian one; he says, none but Phanaticks believe it.

Theo. An excellent Chaplain, to make Love to his Patron's Daughter, and corrupt the Son. [*Aside.*] Why all the eminent Men of our Church believe it; this Fellow is none of the Church, but crept into it for a Livelihood, and as soon as they find him, they'll turn him out of it.

Yo. Har. Nay, Cousin, I should not have told it, he charged me to say nothing of it; but you and I are all one; you are to be Bone of my Bone to Morrow: And I will salute you once more upon that d'ye see.

Theo. Hold, hold, not so fast; 'tis not come to that yet.

Yo. Har. 'Twill come to that and more to Morrow, Fa, la, la; but I'll out at Four a Hawking though, for all that, d'ye understand me?

Enter Doubty.

Theo. Here's *Doubty*, I must get rid of this Fool. Cousin, I hear your Father coming; if he sees you in this Condition, he'll be very angry.

Yo. Har. Thank you kindly, no more to be said; I'll go and sleep a little; I see she loves me, Fa, la, la, la. [*Ex. young Hart.*]

Doubt. Dear Madam, this is a happy minute thrown upon me unexpectedly, and I must use it: To Morrow is the fatal Day to ruin me.

Theo. It shall not ruin me; the Inquisition should not force me to a Marriage with this Fool.

Doubt. This is a Step to my Comfort; but when your Father shall to Morrow hear your Refusal, you

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know

know not what his Passion may produce; Restraint of Liberty is the least.

Theo. He shall not restrain my Liberty of Choice.

Doubt. Put your self into those Hands that may defend you from his Power; the Hands of him, who loves you more than the most Pious value Heaven, than Misers Gold, than Clergymen love Power, than Lawyers Strife, than Jesuits Blood and Treachery.

Theo. If I could find such a Man.

Doubt. Then look no farther, Madam, I am he; speak but one Word, and make me the happiest Man on Earth.

Theo. It comes a little too quick upon me; are you sure you are the Man you speak of?

Doubt. By Heaven, and by your self I am, or may I be the Scorn of all Mankind; and the most miserable too, without you.

Theo. Then you shall be the Man.

Doubt. Heaven! on my Knees I must receive this Blessing; there's not another I would ask! my Joy's too big for me.

Theo. No Raptures, for Heaven's sake, here comes my Mother, Adieu.

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

Doubt. I must compose my self.

La. Sha. Sir, your most Humble Servant.

Doubt. Your Ladyship's most Humble Servant.

La. Sha. It is not fit I should lose this Opportunity, to tell you that (which perhaps may not be unacceptable to a Person of your Complexion) who is so much a Gentleman, that I'll swear I have not seen your equal.

Doubt. Dear Madam, you confound me with your Praises.

La. Sha. I vow 'tis true; indeed I have struggled with my self before I thought fit to reveal this; but the Consideration of your great Accomplishments, do indeed, as it were, ravish, or extort it from me, as I may so say.

Doubt. I beseech you, Madam.

La. Sha. There is a Friend of mine, a Lady (whom the

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the World has acknowledged to be well-bred, and of Parts too, that I must say, and almost confess) not in the Bud indeed, but in the Flower of her Age, whom Time has not yet invaded with his Injuries; in fine, Envy cannot say that she is less than a full ripe Beauty.

Doubt. That this Creature should bring forth such a Daughter.

[*Aside*

La. Sha. Fair of Complexion, tall, streight, and shaped much above the ordinary. In short, this Lady (whom many have languish'd and sigh'd in vain for) does of her self, so much admire your Person, and your Parts, that she extremely desires to contract a Friendship with you, intire to all Intents and Purposes.

Doubt. 'Tis impossible she should be in Earnest, Madam; but were she, I cannot marry ever.

La. Sha. Why she is married already; Lord! how dull he is! She is the best Friend I have, married to an old Man, far above her spritely Years.

Doubt. What a Mother-in-Law am I like to have!

[*Aside.*

La. Sha. Can you not guess who this is all this while?

Doubt. Two well. [*To himself.*] Not I, truly Madam.

[*To her.*

La. Sha. Ha, ha, ha; No! that's strange! ha, ha, ha.

Doubt. I cannot possibly.

La. Sha. Ha, ha, ha. I'll swear; ha, ha, ha.

Doubt. No, I'll swear.

La. Sha. 'Tis very much, you are an ill Gueßer, I'll vow; ha, ha, ha. Oh Lord! not yet?

Doubt. Not yet, nor ever can.

La. Sha. Here's Company, retire.

Enter Smerk and Tegue O Dively.

Smerk. I am all on fire; what is it that inspires me? I thought her ugly once, but this Morning thought her ugly; and thus to burn with Love already! Sure I was blind, she is a Beauty greater than my Fancy e'er could form; a Minute's Absence is Death to me.

Briest. Phaas, Joy, dou art in Meditation and

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Consideraation upon something? If it be a Scruple upon dy Conscience, I believe I vill maak it out unto dee.

Smerk. No, Sir, I am only ruminating a while; I am inflamed with her Affection. Oh Susan! Susan! Ah me! Ah me!

Priest. Pbaat dostt dou not mind me, nor put dy Thought upon me? I do desire to know of dy Father's Child, what he does differ from the Catholick Church in, by my Fait it is a braave Church, and a gaallant Church (de Devil taak mee) I vill tell you now, phare is dere such a one? Vill you speak unto me now, Joy, bob!

Smerk. 'Tis a fine Church, a Church of Splendor, and Riches, and Power; but there are some Things in it

Priest. Shome Things? Pbaat dostt dou taalk of shome Things? By my Shoule I vill not see a better Church in a Shommer's Day, indeed, dan de Caatholick Church. I tell you there is braave Dignities, and Promotions too, what vill I shay unto you? by St. Paattrick, but I do beleeve I vill be a Cardinal before I vill have Death. Dey have had not had not one Ecristh Cardinal a great while indeed.

Smerk. What Power is this that urges me so fast? Oh Love! Love!

Priest. Pbaat dostt dou shay, dostt dou love Promotions and Dignities? Den I pridee now be a Caatholick. Pbaat vill I say unto you more? But I vill tell you, you do shay dat de Caatholicks may be shaved; and Caatholick do shay, daat you vill be after being damn'd; and phare is de Solidity now of daat, daat dou vill not turn a good Caatholick?

Smerk. I cannot believe there is a Purgatory.

Priest. No! Phy, I vill tell you pbaat I vill shay unto you, I have sheen many Shoules of Purgatory daat did appear unto me: And by my trot, I do know a Shoul when I do shее it, and de Shoules did speak unto me, and did deshire of me daat I would pray dem out of daat Plaasb. And dere Parents and Friends did give

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give me shome Money, and I did pray 'em out: With-
out Money indeed, we cannot pray dem out; no fait.

Smerk. That may not be so hard; but for Transub-
stantiation, I can never believe it.

Priest. Phaant dosht not beleeve de Cooncel of Trent,
Joy? dou vilt be damn'd indeed, and de Devil taak
me, if dou dosht not beleeve it. I vill tell you phaant
vill I say to you, a Cooncel is infallible; and I tell you
de Cardinals are infallible too, upon Occasion, and dey
are damn'd Heretick Dogs, by my Shalvaation, dat do not
believe every Oord dey vill speak indeed.

Smerk. I feel a Flame within me; Oh Love! Love!
whither wilt thou carry me?

Priest. Art dou in Love, Joy? by my Shoul dou dosht
commit Fornicaation; I vill tell you it is a venial Sin,
and I vill after be absolving you for it; but if dou dosht
commit Marriage, it is mortal, and dou vilt be damn'd,
and be Fait and Trot. I pridee now vill dou fornicate
and not marry; for my shaak now vilt dou fornicate.

Smerk. Sure I am bewitch'd.

Priest. Bewitch'd in Love; Aboo! boo! I'll tell you
now, you must taak de Womands Shoe daat dou dosht
love sho, and dou must maak a Jaakes of it; dat is
to shay, dou must lay a Sirreverence, and be in it,
and it vill maak cure upon dee.

Smerk. Oh, the Witch! the Witch! Mal Spencer!
I am struck in my Bowels; take her away there; oh!
I have a Thousand Needles in me; take her away, Mal
Spencer!

Priest. Phaare is she? Mal Spencer! Exorcizo te,
Gonjuro in Nomine, &c.

[He mutters, and crosses himself.]

Smerk. Oh! I have a Million of Needles pricking
my Bowels.

Priest. I vill set up a Hubbub for dee; Help! help!
who is dere? Aboo, boo, boo.

Enter Sir Jeffery, La, Sha. and Susan.

Smerk. Oh Needles! Needles! take away Mal Spen-
cer! take her away!

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Sir Jeff. He is bewitch'd ; some Witch has got his Image, and is tormenting it.

Priest. Hold him, and I vill taak some Courfe vid him, he is possess'd, or obeys'd ; I vill touch him vid some Relicks.

Susan. Oh, good Sir, help him ! what shall I do for him ?

La. Sha. Get some Lead melted (and holding it over his Body) pour it into a Porringer full of Water ; and if there be any Image upon the Lead, then he is bewitch'd.

Priest. Peash ; I thay, here is shome of St. *Phaatricks* own Whisker, and shome of the Snuff he did use to taak, daat did hang upon his Beard ; here is a Tooth of St. *Wini-frid* ; indeed, here is Corn from de Toe of St. *Ignatius*, and here is de paring of his Nails too.

[*He rubs him with these Relicks.*]

Smerk. Oh worse, worse, take her away !

Priest. By my Shoul it is a very strong Devil, I vill try some more ; here is St. *Caaterine* de Virgin's Wedding-Ring ; here is one of St. *Bridget's* Nipples of her Tuggs, by my Shoul ; here is some of de Sweat of St. *Françis* ; and here is a Piece of St. *Laurence's* Gridiron ; dese vill make Cure upon any Shickness, if it be not one's lasht Shickness.

Susan. What will become of me ! I have poison'd him, I shall lose my Lover, and be hang'd into the Bargain.

Smerk. Oh ! I die, I die ! oh ! oh !

Priest. By my Shoul it is a very strong Devil, a very aable Devil ; I vill run and fetch shome Holy-Vater.

[*Exit. Priest.*]

Susan. Look up, dear Sir, speak to me ; ah woes me ! Mr. *Smerk*, Mr. *Smerk*.

Sir Jeff. This *Irishman* is a gallant Man about Witches, he out-does me.

La. Sha. But I do not know what to think of his Popish Way ; his Words, his Charms, and Holy-Water, and Relicks ; methinks he is guilty of Witchcraft too, and you should send him to Goal for it.

Smerk. Oh ! oh !

Enter

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Enter Priest, with a Bottle of Holy Water.

Priest. Now, I varrant you, Joy, I vill do de Devil's Businels for him, now I have dis Holy-Vater. [*The Bottle flies out of his Hand.*] Phaas is de Matter now? phare is dis Devil daat does taak my Holy-Vater from me? He is afraid of it; I thee my Bottle, but I do not thee de Devil does taak it. I vill catch it from him. [*The Bottle, as he reaches at it, flies from him.*

Sir Jeff. This is wonderful!

La. Sha. Most amazing!

Priest. *Conjuro te malum Damonem, Conjuro te possimum Spiritum; redde mihi meum (dic Latine)* Bottle, phaas vill I do? It is gone. [*It flies quite away.*

La. Sha. 'Tis strange! you see he does not fear Holy-Water.

Priest. I tell you phaas is de Matter; by my Shoul he vill touch de Bottle, because daat is not Consecrate; but, by Fait, he vill not meddle vid de Vater, I vill fetch thome, I have in a Baashon.

[He runs out and fetches a Basen of Water.]

Susan. He lies as if he were asleep.

Smerk. Oh! I begin to have some Ease.

Priest. I did never meet vid a Devil daat did cosht so much Labour before. [*He throws Water in Smerk's Face.* *Exorciso te, Dæmonem, fuge, fuge; Exorciso te, per Melchisedeck, per Bethlehem Gabor, per omne quod exit in um, seu Græcum sive Latinum.*

Smerk. I am much better now, and the Witch is gone.

Susan. Good Sir, retire to your Chamber, I will fetch some Cordials.

Smerk. Sweet beautiful Creature; how am I enamour'd with thee! Thy Beauty dazzles the Sun in his Meridian!

Sir Jeff. Beauty, enamoured! Why he seems distracted still; lead him to his Chamber, and let him rest.

Priest. Now Joy, dost thou thee, I have maad a Miracle by my Shoul. Then vill I thee one of your Church maak a Miracle, hoh? By my Shalvaation dey cannot

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cannot maak Miracles out of de Caatholick Church, I tell you now, hoh. [*Mother Demdike enters invisible to them, and boxes the Priest.*] Phaas is de Matter now, ah? by my Shoul thomething does cuff upon my Faash, an bee, *Exorciso te nomine, nomine*, by my Shoul Saatan, I vill pelt dee vid Holy-Vater, indeed; he is angry daat I did maak a Miracle.

[*Mother Demdike gets behind him, and kicks and beats him.*]

La. Sba. What is this! I hear the Blows, and see nothing.

Sir Jeff. So do I, I am frightened and amazed! let's fly.

[*Ex. Sir Jeff. and Lady.*]

Priest. Oh! oh! Vat is dis for, Joy? Oh, all my Holy-Vater is gone, I must fly.

[*He mutters and crosses himself, and the Witch beats him out.*]

Enter Bellfort and Isabella.

Bell. All this Day have I watched for this Opportunity, let me improve it now; consider, Madam, my extream Love to you, and your own Hatred to that Fool, for whom you are designed to Morrow.

Isab. My Consent is to be had first.

Bell. Your Father's Resentment of your Refusal, may put you out of all Possibility of making me happy, or providing for your own Content.

Isab. To marry one against his Consent, is a Crime he'll ne'er forgive.

Bell. Though his Engagement to Sir Jeffery would make him refuse his Consent beforehand, he is too reasonable a Man to be troubled afterwards, at your marrying to a better Estate, and to one that loves you more than he can tell you: I have not Words for it.

Isab. Though I must confess you deserve much better; would you not imagine I were very forward to receive you upon so short an Acquaintance?

Bell. Would I had a Casement in my Breast. Make me not, by your Delay, the miserablest Wretch on Earth: (which I shall ever be without you) think quickly, Madam,

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dam, you have not Time to consider long; I lay my self at your Feet, to be for ever made happy or miserable by you.

Ifab. How shall I be sure you'll not deceive me? These hasty Vows, like angry Words, seldom show the Heart.

Bell. By all the Powers of Heaven and Earth----

Ifab. Hold! Swear not; I had better take a Man of Honour at his Word.

Bell. And may Heaven throw its Curses on me when I break it; my Chaplain's in the House, and passes for my Valer de Chambre. Will you for ever make me happy, Madam?

Ifab. I'll trust your Honour, and I'll make my self so; I'll throw my self upon you, use me nobly: now 'tis out.

Bell. Use ye as I would use my Soul; my Honour, my Heart, my Life, my Liberty, and all I have is yours. There's not a Man in all the World, that I can envy now, or wish to be.

Ifab. Take care, we shall be spied: The short Time I have to resolve in, will, I hope, make you have a better Opinion of my Modesty, than otherwise you would have occasion for.

Bell. Dearest, sweetest of Creatures! my Joy distracts me, I cannot speak to you!

Ifab. For Heaven's sake leave me, if you raise a Jealousy in the House, I am ruin'd; we'll meet soon.

Bell. Adieu, my Life! my Soul! I am all Obedience
[Exit. Bellfort.]

Enter Theodosia.

Ifab. Oh my Dear, I am happy! all's our that pained me so; my Lover knows I love him.

Theo. I have confessed to my Ghostly Father too, and my Conscience is at ease.

Ifab. Mine received the News with more Joy than he could put in Words.

Enter Sir Jeffery, Lady, and Sir Timothy.

Theo. And mine in Rapture! I am the happiest Woman living.

Ifab. I'll not yield to you at all in that.

Theo.

Theo. There's no Cause I would not submit to you in, but this, my Dear.

Ifab. I will hold out in this Cause while I have Breath; I am happier in my Choice than all the World can make me.

Theo. Mine is the handsomest, witteſt, moſt accompliſh'd Gentleman——

Ifab. Mine is the beautifulleſt, ſweeteſt, well ſhap'd, well-bred Gentleman——

Sir Tim. That muſt be I, whom ſhe means; for all my Quarrels with her.

La. Sha. Peace, we ſhall hear more.

Theo. Little think our Fathers how happy we ſhall be to Morrow.

Sir Jeff. What's that! liſten.

Ifab. (If no unlucky Accident ſhould hinder us) we ſhall be far happier than they can imagine.

Theo. How we have cheated them all this while!

Ifab. 'Slife they are behind us, ſtir not. We have hid-den our Love from them all this while.

La. Sha. Have you ſo; but we ſhall find it now. [*Aſide.*

Ifab. Your Brother little thinks I love him ſo; for I have been croſs and coy to him on Purpoſe. I ſhall be the happieſt Woman in him I am to have, that ever was.

Theo. I could wiſh your Brother lov'd me as well as mine does you. For never Woman lov'd the Man ſhe was to marry, as I do him I am to have to Morrow.

Sir Jeff. That's my beſt Daughter, thou wer't ever a good Child; nay, bluſh not, all is out, we heard ye both.

Sir Tim. Ay, all is out, my pretty, dear Diſſembler; well, I proteſt and vow, I am mightily obliged to you for your great Love to me, and good Opinion of me.

La. Sha. I hope to Morrow will be a happy Day to both our Families.

Enter Sir Edward, Bellfort, Doubty, and Muſicians.

Oh, *Sir Edward!* is not that ſtrange I told you? I ſhould not have believed it, if I had not ſeen it.

Sir Edw. And pray give me the ſame Liberty: But now we'll have ſome Muſick, that's good againſt Inchantment; ſing me the Song I commanded you, and then we'll have a Dance before we go to Bed. [*Song.* *Enter*

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Enter Priest.

Priest. Hoh! 'tis a pritty Shong, but I vill shing a brave Cronan now, daat is better, I tell you. [*He sings.*

Sir Edw. 'Tis very fine, but sing me one Song more in Three Parts, to sweeten our Ears, for all that. [*They gape and strain, but cannot sing, but make an ugly Noise.*] Why, what's the Matter, you gape and make Faces, and do not sing? What's the Matter! are you mad?

Priest. Do you play, play, play I shay; Oh, they are bewitch'd! I vill shay no more. [*Ex. Priest.*

Sir Edw. Play, I say.

Musc. I can't, my Arms are on the sudden grown stiff as Marble, I cannot move them.

[*They hold up their Bows, but cannot play.*

Sir Edw. Sure this is Roguery and Confederacy.

Priest. *Conjuro te, conjuro in nomine, &c.*

[*The Priest comes in with Holy-Water, and flings upon them so long, till they run out roaring.*

Sir Edw. Hold! hold! prithee don't duck us all; we are not all bewitch'd.

Priest. I tell you, it ish good for you an bee, and vill defend you upon Occasion.

Sir Jeff. Now you see, Sir, with your own Eyes; cannot you give us a Receipt to make Holy-Water?

Priest. A Resheit! aboo, boo, boo; by my Shoul he is a Fool. I have maade two Hogsheads gra, and I vill have you vash all de Rooms vid it; and de Devil vill not come upon de Plaath, by my Shalvaation.

Bell. 'Tis a little odd; but however, I shall not fly from my Belief, that every thing is done by Natural Causes, because I cannot presently assign those Causes.

Sir Edw. You are in the right; we know not the Powers of Matter.

Doubt. When any thing unwonted happens, and we not see the Cause, we call it unnatural and miraculous.

Priest. By my Shoul you do taalk like Heretick Dogs and Atheists.

Sir Edw. Let us enquire farther about these Musicians.

Priest. I vill make shome Miracles, and I vill be after reconciling dem indeed; oh dou damn'd Vitch [*Ex. all but Priest.*]

Now

Now I do thee dee, I will beat upondee vid my Beads and Crucifix; [*Mother Demdike rises up, and boxes him; he strikes her with Beads, and she him with her Staff, and beats him out.*] Oh, oh, oh, she is a damn'd Protestant, Heretick Vitch, daat is de Reason she vill not fly. Oh! oh! oh!

[*Ex. Priest.*]

Enter Tom Shacklehead and Clod, in the Field.

Tom. Sha. By'r Lady 'tis meety strong Ale, Ay am well neegh drunken, and my Nephew will be stark wood, his Hawks want their Pidgeons aw this Neeghr.

Clod. Why, what wouden yeow bee a Angee? Flesh, Ay ha gotten the Bridle by'r Lady, Ayst ma some Body carry me, and be my Titt too.

Tom. Sha. Thou'rt a strange Fillee (*Horse I should say*); why didst thou think thou wast a Titt, when th' Bridle was on thee?

Clod. Ay marry, I know weel I am sure, I wot I was a Titt, a meer Titt.

Tom. Sha. Listen! there's a Noise of a Woman in the Air, it comes towards us.

Clod. Ay by th' Mafs, 'tis Witches!

Witches above.] Here, this way, no that way, make haste, follow the Dame, we shall be too late; 'tis time enough; away, away, away.

Tom. Sha. Waunds and Flesh, 'tis a Flock of Witches, by'r Lady, they come reeght ore Head; I'll let fly at 'em; hah! by th' Mafs I have maimed one, here's one has a Wing brocken at least.

[*He shoots; Mal Spencer shrieks, and falls down.*]

Clod. *Mal Spencer* by th' Mafs.

Mal. Spen. O Rogues! I'll be revenged on you; Dogs! Villains! you have broken my Arm.

Clod. I was made a Horse, a Titt by thee; by th' Mafs I'll be revenged o' thee. [*He puts the Bridle upon her.*]

*A Horse, a Horse, be thou to me,
And carry me where-e'er I flee.*

[*He flies away upon her.*]

Tom. Sha. Ods Flesh, what's this! I conno believe my Senses! I mun walk home alone; I'll charge my Piece

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Piece again, by'r Lady, and the Hags come agen, I'll have t'other Shoot at 'em.

[*Ex. Tom. Shac.*]

The Scene returns to Sir Edward's House.

Enter Bellfort and Doubty.

Bell. My dear Friend, I am so transported with Excess of Joy, it is become a Pain, I cannot bear it.

Doubt. Dear *Bellfort*! I am in the same Case, but (if the Hope transport us so) what will Enjoyment do?

Bell. My Blood is chill, and shivers when I think on't.

Doubt. One Night with my Mistress, would outweigh an Age of Slavery to come.

Bell. Rather than be without a Nights Enjoyment of mine, I would be hang'd next Morning: I am impatient till they appear.

Doubt. They are Women of Honour, and will keep their Words; your Parson's ready, and three or four of our Servants for Witnesses.

Bell. He is so; 'twill be dispatch'd in half a quarter of an Hour; all are retired to Bed.

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

Doubt. Go in! yonder's my Lady Mother-in-Law coming, I must contrive a Way to secure her; in! in!

Bell. I go.

Doubt. Death! that this old Fellow should be asleep already! she comes now to discover what I know too well already.

La. Sha. He is there, I'll swear! a punctual Gentleman, and a Person of much Honour. Sir, I am come, according to your Appointment; Sir *Jeffery* is fast.

Doubt. 'Tis before I expected, Madam, I thought to have left *Bellfort* asleep, who is a jealous Man, and believes there is an Intrigue betwixt your Ladyship and me.

La. Sha. I vow: Hah, ha, ha, ha. Me! no, no; ha, ha, ha.

Doubt. Retire for a short time; and when I have secured him, I'll wait on you; but let it be i'th' Dark.

La. Sha. You speak like a discreet and worthy Person; remember this Room, there's no Body lies in it; I will stay there in the Dark for you.

[*Ex. Lady.*]

Doubt. Your most humble Servant. Well, I will go to the Ladies Chamber, as if I mistook it for mine; and let them know this is the Time.

H

Enter

Enter Tegue O Divelly.

Priest. Dere is shometimes de pretty Venches do walk here in the dark at Night; and by my Shalvaation if I do catch one, I vill be after enjoying her Body: And fait and trot, I have a great need too, it is a Venial Sin, and I do not care.

Doubt. Death! who is here? Stay Ladies here's the damn'd Priest in the Way.

Enter Doubty with a Candle.

Ifab. Go you, we'll follow by and by in the dark.

[The Ladies retire; Doubty goes to his Chamber.

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

La. Sha. I hear one trampling, he is come already, sure *Bellfort* is asleep; who is there?

Priest. By my Shoul it is a Woman's Speech, 'tis I; where are you? By my Fait I vill maak a Child upon her Body.

La. Sha. Mr. Doubty.

Priest. Ay, let me put a sweet kish upon dy Hand Joy, and now I vill shalute dy Mout, and I villembraash dy Body too, indeed.

La. Sha. 'Slife, I am mistaken, this is the *Irish* Priest; his Understanding is sure to betray him.

Priest. I pridee now Joy, be not nishe, I vill maak some good Sport vid dee, indeed. *[Lady pulls her Hand away, and flies.]* Hoo now, phaare is dy Hand now? *[Enter Mother Dickenson, and puts her Hand into the Priests.]* Oh, here it is by my Shoul. I vill use dee bravely upon Occasion; I vill tell you, pridee kish me upon my Faath now, it is a brave Kish indeed. *[The Witch kisses him.]* By my Shoul dou art very handsome, I do know it, dough I cannot shее dee. I pridee naw retire vid me; aboo, boo, by my Shoul dis is a Gaallant Occasion; come Joy. *[Ex. Priest and Witch.]*

Enter Lady.

La. Sha. What's the Meaning of this? He talked to some Women, and kissed her too, and has retired into the Chamber I was in.

Ifab. Every thing is quiet, I hear no Noise.

[Enter Ifab. and Theo.]

Theo. Nor I; this is the happy Time.

La. Sha. This must be he! who's there?

Theo.

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Theo. 'Slife! This is my Mother's Voice, retire softly.

Ifab. Oh Misfortune! What makes her here? we are undone if she discovers us.

La. Sha. Who's there, I say? will you not answer! What can this mean? 'tis not a Wench I hope for *Doubty*, and then I care not.

[*Ifab. and Theo. retire.*]

Enter Priest and Witch.

I am impatient till he comes; ha! who have we here? I am sure this is not he, he does not come that Way.

Priest. By my Shoul Joy, dou art a Gaallant Peece of Fleish, a braave Bedfollor, phoo art dou?

M. Dick. One that loves you dearly.

Priest. Phaath vill I do to thee dy Faath I wonder? Oh, here's a Light approaching unto us.

La. Sha. Who's this with a Light? I must fly.

Enter Susan with a Caudle. [Ex. *La. Sha.*]

Priest. Now I vill theedy Faath.

Susan. O Sir! are you there? I am going to Mr. *Smerk* with this Caudle, poor Man.

Priest. O phaath have I done? Oh, de Vitch! de Vitch! [The Witch sinks, she lets fall the Caudle and Candle, and runs away shrieking.]

Susan. Oh, the Witch! the Witch!

Priest. By my Shoul I have had Communication and Copulaation too vid a Succubus; Oh! phaath vill I do! vat vill I do! by my Fait and Trot, I did thought she had been a braave and gallaant Lady, and bee, oh! oh! oh!

Enter Lady Shacklehead. [Ex. *Priest.*]

La. Sha. What Shriek was that? hah, hah, here's no Body! sure all's clear now.

Enter Isabella and Theosia.

Ifab. I heard a Shriek, this is the Time to venture, they are frightened out of the Gallery, and all's clear now.

Theo. Let's venture; we shall have People stirring very early this Morning to prepare for the Wedding else.

[*Ifab. and Theo. creep softly into Bellfort and Doubry's Chamber.*]

La. Sha. Hah! Who's that? I am terribly afraid: Heaven! What's this? the Chamber Door open'd, and I saw a Woman or two go in, I am enraged; I'll disturb 'em.

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Isabella, Theodosia, Bellfort, Doubty *disguis'd*; Parson and Servants in the Chamber.

Ifab. You see we are Women of Words, and Women of Courage too, that dare venture upon this dreadful Business.

Bell. Welcome, more Welcome than all the Treasures of the Sea and Land.

Doubt. More welcome than a Thousand Angels.

Theo. Death! we are undone, one knocks.

Bell. Curse on 'em, keep the Door fast. [*La. Sha. knocks.*]

La. Sha. Gentlemen, open the Door for Heaven's sake, quickly!

Ifab. Open it, we are ruined else; we'll into the Bed, you know what you have to do. [*They cover themselves.*]

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

La. Sha. Gentlemen, the House is all arm'd with Witches, I saw two come to this Chamber, and come to give you Notice.

Bell. Here are none but whom you see.

Doubt. They come invisibly then; for we had our Eyes on the Door.

La. Sha. Are they not about the Bed some where? Let's search.

Bell. There are no Witches there, I can assure you.

La. Sha. Look a little, I warrant you.

[*Sir Jeffery knocks without.*]

Sir Jeff. Open the Door quickly, quickly, the Witches are there.

La. Sha. Oh! my Husband! I am ruin'd if he sees me here.

Doubt. Put out the Candles, lie down before the Door.

[*He enters, and stumbles upon the Servant.*]

Sir Jeff. Oh! oh! I have broken my Knees, this is the Witches doing: I have lost my Wife too: Lights! Lights there!

La. Sha. I'll not stay here. [*She creeps out softly.*]

Ifab. Here's no staying for us here.

Theo. Quickly, go by the Wall. [*They steal on.*]

Sir Jeff. For Heav'n's sake, let's into the Gallery, and call for Lights!

Bell. A Curse on this Fellow, and all ill Luck.

Doubt. Hell take him; the Ladies are gone too.

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Enter Bellfort and Doubty.

Bell. **W**HAT unfortunate Disappointments have we met with?

Doubt. All ill Luck has conspired against us this Night.

Bell. We have been near being discover'd, which would have ruin'd us.

Doubt. And we have but this Night to do our Business in; if we dispaech not this Affair now, all will come out to Morrow.

Bell. I tremble to think on't; sure the Surprize the Ladies were in before, has frighted 'em from attempting again.

Doubt. I rather think that they have met with People in the Gallery, that have prevented 'em.

Bell. Now I reflect, I am apt to think so too; for they seem to be very hearty in this Matter. Once more go to their Chamber.

Doubt. Go you then into ours.

[*Bell. goes in.*]

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

La. Sha. Hold! Mr. Doubty.

Doubt. Aside.] A Curse on all damn'd Luck; is she here? Sweet Madam, Is it you? I have been watching for Bellfort's sleeping ever since.

La. Sha. I ventur'd hard, since Sir Jeffery miss'd me out of Bed; I had much ado to fasten an Excuse upon him.

Doubt. I am so afraid of Bellfort's coming, Madam, he was here but even now: The Hazard of your Honour puts me in an Agony.

La. Sha. O, dear Sir, put out the Candle, and he can never discover any thing; besides, we will retire into your Room.

[*She puts out the Candle.*]

Doubt. Death! What shall I do now?

La. Sha. And since it is dark, and you cannot see my Blushes, I must tell you, you are a very ill Guesser, for I my self was the Person I describ'd.

Doubt. Oh, Madam! you Rally me, I will never believe it while I live; it is impossible!

La. Sha. I'll swear 'tis true: Let us withdraw into

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that

that Room, or we shall be discover'd. Oh Heaven! I am undone! my Husband with a Light! run into your Chamber.

Doubt. Aside.] 'Tis a happy Deliverance. [*Ex. Doubt.*

La. Sha. I'll counterfeit Walking in my Sleep.

Enter Sir Jeffery with a Light.

Sir Jeff. Where is this Wife of mine? She told me she fell fast asleep in the Closet at her Prayers, when I mist her before; and I found her there at my coming back to my Chamber: But now she is not there, I am sure. Ha! here she is. Ha! What is she blind? She takes no Notice of me; how gingerly she treads.

La. Sha. Oh! stand off! Who's that would kill my dear *Sir Jeffery*? Stand off! I say.

Sir Jeff. Oh Lord! kill me! where? ha! here's no Body.

La. Sha. Oh! the Witch! the Witch! oh, she pulls the Cloaths off me! Hold me *Sir Jeffery*! hold me!

Sir Jeff. On my Conscience and Soul, she walks in her Sleep.

La. Sha. Oh! all the Cloaths are off, cover me! oh, I am so cold.

Sir Jeff. Good lack-a-Day, is it so! my Dear! my Lady!

La. Sha. Hah, ha! [*She opens her Eyes and shrieks.*

Sir Jeff. Wake, I say, wake.

La. Sha. Ah!

Sir Jeff. 'Tis I, my Dear.

La. Sha. Oh Heav'n! *Sir Jeffery*! Where am I?

Sir Jeff. Here in the Gallery.

La. Sha. Oh! how came I here?

Sir Jeff. Why, thou did'st walk in thy Sleep; good lack-a-day, I never saw the like!

La. Sha. In my Sleep, say you? Oh Heav'n! I have catch'd my Death. Let's to Bed, and tell me the Story there.

Sir Jeff. Come on. Ha, ha, ha; this is such a Jest, walk in your Sleep! Gods-niggs, I shall so laugh at this in the Morning.

La. Sha. Aside.] This is a happy Come-off.

Enter Isabella and Theodosia.

Isab. If we do not get into this Chamber suddenly, we are undone: They are up in the Offices already. *Theo.*

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Theo. Never have Adventurers been so often disappointed in so short a Time.

Isab. There's no Body in the Gallery now, we may go.

Theo. Hast then, and let us fly thither.

Isab. } Ah! what's this?
Theo. }

[*Just as they are entering, Chaplain and Susan enter with a Candle.*]

Susan. Oh! the Witches! the Witches!

Smerk. Oh Mercy upon us! Where is this Candle? So let me tell you, 'twas no Witch; they were the two young Ladies, that frightened my dear beauteous Love so; and I'll acquaint their Parents with it, I'll assure you.

Susan. This is strange! what could they have to do at this time o'th' Night?

Smerk. I know not. But I well know what I have to do. I am inflam'd beyond all Measure, with thy heavenly Beauty.

Susan. Alas! my Beauty is but moderate; yet none of the worst, I must needs say.

Smerk. 'Tis Blasphemy to say so; your Eyes are bright like two Twin-Stars; your Face is an Ocean of Beauty; and your Nose a Rock arising from it, on which my Heart did split: Nothing but Ruby and Pearl is about thee; I must blazon thee by Jewels; thy Beauty is of a Noble Rank.

Susan. Good lack, what fine Language is this! well, 'tis a rare thing to be a Scholar.

Smerk. 'Tis a Miracle I should not think her handsome before this Day; she is an Angel! *Isabella* is a Dowdy to her. You have an unexhausted Mine of Beauty. Dear Mrs. *Susan*, cast thy Smiles upon me, and let me labour in thy Quarry: Love makes me Eloquent and Allegorical.

Susan. Sweet Sir, you oblige me very much by your fine Language; but I vow I understand it not: yet methinks it goes very prettily.

Smerk. I will unfold my Heart unto thee; let me approach thy Lip. Oh fragrant! fragrant! *Arabia Felix* is upon this Lip.

Susan. Ha! upon my Lip; what's that? I have nothing,

thing, I have no Pimple, nor any thing upon my Lip, not I.

Smerk. Sweet Innocence——I will be plain; I am inflam'd within, and would enjoy thy lovely Body in sweet Dalliance.

Susan. How Sir! do you pretend to be a Divine, and would commit this Sin? know, I will preserve my Honour and my Conscience.

Smerk. Conscience! why so you shall, as long as our Minds are united. The Casuists will tell you, it is a Marriage in *foro Conscientiæ*; and besides, the Church of Rome allows Fornication: And truly it is much practis'd in our Church too. Let us retire, come, come.

Susan. Stand off! I defy you: your Casuists are Knaves, and you are a Papist; you are a foul voluptuous Swine, and I will never smile on you more. Farewel!

Smerk. Hold, hold, dear, beauteous Creature, I am at thy Mercy: Must I marry then? Speak! Prithee spare me that, and I'll do any thing.

Susan. Stand off! I scorn thy Love; thou art a piteous Fellow.

Smerk. Dear Mrs. Susan hear me; let us but do the Thing, and then I'll marry thee.

Susan. I'll see thee hang'd e'er I'll trust thee, or e'er a Whoremaster of you all. No, I have been serv'd that Trick too often already, I thank you. [*Aside.*]

Smerk. Must I then marry?

Enter Isab. and Theo. disguis'd, with Vizors like Witches.

Isab. Yonder's the Chaplain and Susan; but this Disguise will fright 'em.

Theo. Let's on, we must venture.

Susan. Oh! the Witches! the Witches!

Smerk. Oh! fly, fly. [*Ex. Susan and Chaplain.*]

Enter Bellfort and Doubry.

Bell. What Shriek was that?

Doubt. We have been several times allarm'd with these Noises.

Bell. Here's nothing but Madness and Confusion in this Family.

Isab. Heav'n! who are these whispering?

Doubt. Who's this I have hold on? Heav'n grant it be not my Lady!

Theo.

Theo. 'Tis I, 'tis *Theodosia*.

Doubt. 'Tis lucky----- where is your fair Companion?

Theo. Here.

Doubt. And here's my Friend-----.

Bell. A thousand Blessings on you.

Priest. Phoo are dese?

Enter Priest with a Candle.

Bell. Heav'n! what's this? the damn'd Priest. These Disguises will serve our Turn yet: Oh, Sir! we are haunted with Witches here; run in quickly for some Holy-Water.

Priest. I vill, I vill, let me alone.

[*Ex. Priest.*

Bell. Now in! in quickly!

[*Ex. Bell. Doubt. Isab. and Theo.*

Enter Priest with Holy-Water.

Priest. Phaar is dese Vitches? phaar are dey? hah! dey are Wanisht for fear of me, I vill put dish down in dish Plaash for my Defence; what vill I do now? I have maad Fornicaation vid dish Vitch or Succubus indeed; when I do go home, I vill be after being absolv'd for it, and den I vill be as Innocent as de Child unborn, by my Shoul, I have hang'd my self all round vid Reliques, indeed, and de Spirits and de Vitches cannot hurt me, fait and trot.-----

Enter Mother Dickenson.

M. Dick. My dear, I come to visit thee again.

Priest. Phaar is here! de Vitch agen does come to haunt me, *Benedicite*---- out upon dee dou damn'd Vitch, vat doisht dou come upon me for? I defy dee, a plaague taak dee indeed.

M. Dick. I am no Witch, I am a poor innocent Woman, and a Tenant of Sir Edward's, and one that loves you dearly.

Priest. Dou plaagy Vitch, let me come unto my Holy-Vaater; and I vill pay dee off indeed; hoh! by my Shalvaation 'tis all flown away---- Oh dou damn'd Vitch! I vill hang dee indeed.

M. Dick. Prithee be kinder, my Dear, and kifs me.

Priest. Out, out, kifs dee---- a plaague taak de, Joy; stand off upon me! by my Shalvaation, I vill kifs de Dog's Arse, shaving dy Presence, before I vill be after kishin' dee.

M. Dick.

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M. Dick. Be not so unkind to thy own Dear. Thou didst promise me Marriage, thou knowest, and I come to claim thee for my Husband.

Priest. Aboo, boo, boo, Marriage! Vat vill I marry vid a Vitch? By my Shoul---*Conjuro te; fuge, fuge.*

M. Dick. Do not think to put me off with your Latin; for, do you hear, Sir, you promised me Marriage, and I will have you.

Priest. Oh, phaath vill I do! phaath vill I do!

M. Dick. This Morning I will marry you; I'll stay no longer, you are mine.

Priest. By my Shoul, Joy, I vill tell you, I am a *Romish* Priest, and I cannot marry; what would you have now?

M. Dick. You shall turn Protestant then, for I will have you.

Priest. By St. *Paatrick*, phaath does she shay? Oh damn'd Protestant Vitch! I vill speak shivilly; Madam, I vill tell dee now, if dou vill repair unto dine own House, by my Shalvaation I vill come unto dee to Morrow, and I vill give dee Satisfaction, indeed. [*Aside.* As soon as shee does get Home, fait and trot I vill bring de Constable and hang her, indeed.

M. Dick. I'll not be put off; I'll have you now.

[*She lays hold on him.*

Priest. By my Shoul I vill not go, I vill hang de for a Vitch; and now I will apprehend dee upon daat. Help! help!

Enter Tom. Shac. and Clod.

I have taaken a Vitch indeed: Help! help!

M. Dick. I am your Wife.

Priest. Help! help! I have taken a Vitch.

Tom. Sha. Ha! what's here? one of the Witches by th' Mafs.

Priest. Ay, by my Shoul, Joy, I have taaken her.

Tom. Sha. Nay, by'r Lady, whoo has taken yeow by yeowr Leave.

Clod. We han taken a Witch too; lay hawd on her.

M. Dick. *Deber! Deber!* little *Martin!* little *Martin!* where art thou, little Master? where art thou, little Master?

Priest. Dost dou mutter? By my Shoul I vill hang de, Joy; I plaague taak dee, indeed.

M. Dick.

M. Dick. Thou art a Popish Priest, and I will hang thee.

Priest. I am innocent as the Child unborn; I vill taak de Oades, and bee----

M. Dick. Marmot! Mamillion! Rouncy! Pukling! little Master! have you left me all.

Clod. We han got another Witch, who's strongly guarded and watched i'th' Stabo.

Tom. Sha. Come, let's hale her thither: We cou'd not get into the Hawse till naw, we came Whoam so late at Neeght.

Priest. Come, let us taak de Vitch away: I vill hang dee, Joy---- a plaague taak de, fait.

M. Dick. Am I o'ertaken then? ---- I am innocent! I am innocent!

Tom. Sha. Let us carry her thither, come along.

Priest. Pull her away----we vill be after hanging you, Fait and Trot.

[Exit.

Enter Sir Timothy and Servant, with a Candle.

Sir Tim. I could not rest to Night, for Joy of being married to Day. 'Tis a pritty Rogue----she's somewhat crosf----but I warrant she will love me, when she has try'd me once.

Serv. Why should you rise so soon? 'Tis not Day yet.

Sir Tim. 'Tis no Matter; I cannot sleep Man, I am to be married, Sirrah.

Serv. Ay, and therefore you should have slept now, that you might watch the better at Night: For 'twill be uncivil to sleep much upon your Wedding Night.

Sir Tim. Uncivil! ay, that it will----very uncivil! I wont sleep a wink. Call my new Brother-in-Law. Oh, here he is; he can't sleep neither.

Enter Hartford, and his Man with a Candle.

Yo. Har. Set down the Candle; and go bid the Groom get the Horses ready, I must away to the Powts.

Sir Tim. Oh Brother, good Morrow to you; what a Devil's this!---- what, booted! are you taking a Journey upon your Wedding-Day.

Yo. Har. No, but I will not lose my Hawking this Morning; I will come back time enough to be married, Brother.

Sir

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Sir Tim. Well, Breeding's a fine Thing ---- this is a strange ill-bred Fellow! what, Hawk upon your Wedding-Day! I have other Game to fly at---- Oh! how I long for Night----why my Sister will think you care not for her.

Yo. Har. Aside.] No more----I don't very much; a Pox on Marrying, I love a Hawk, and a Dog, and a Horse, better than all the Women in the World. [*To him.* Why I can Hawk and Marry too; She shall see I love her: For I will leave off Hawking before Ten a Clock.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, I cannot come to the Horses, for the People have taken a brace of Witches, and they are in the Stable, under a strong Guard, that will let no Body come at 'em.

Yo. Har. Uds Flesh, I shall have my Horses bewitch'd, and loose 500 Pounds worth of Horse Flesh.

Sir Tim. No, no, they can do no hurt ---- when they are taken the Devil leaves 'em --- Let's go see 'em---

Yo. Har. What shall we do?

[*Their Men taking up the Candles, two Spirits fly away with 'em.*

Sir Tim. Let us stand up close against the Wall.

Yo. Har. Listen! here are the Witches; what will become of us?

Enter Isabella, Theodosia, Bellfort and Doubt.

Bell. A Thousand Blessings light on thee, my dear prit-ty Witch.

Sir Tim. O Lord! there's the Devil too Courting of a Witch.

Doubt. This is the first Night I ever liv'd, thou dearest, sweetest Creature.

Yo. Har. Oh, sweet quotha! that's more than I can say for my self at this Time.

Isab. We will go and be decently prepared for the Wedding that's expected.

Theo. Not a Word of Discovery till the last; creep by the Wall. Hah! who's here?

Isab. Where!

Yo. Har. Oh, good Devil, don't hurt us, we are your humble Servants.

Bell. In, in quickly--- [*Ex. Bell. and Doubt.* *Sir*

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Sir Tim. Lights! Lights! Help! Help! Murder! Murder! Oh, good Devil don't hurt me, I am a Whore-Master.

Yo. Har. And I am a Drunkard; help! help! Murder.

[Ex. Ladies.]

Enter Tom Shacklehead with a Candle, and Tegue

O Devilly.

Tom. Sha. What's the Matter? [Thunder softly berè.

Priest. Phaas is de Matter, Joy?

Sir Tim. O, Nuncle! here have been Devils and Witches: they are flown away with our Candles, and put us in fear of our Lives. [Thunder and Lightning.]

Tom Sha. Here's a great Storm a rising----What can be the Matter! the Haggs are at Wark, by'r Lady; and they come to me by th' Mafs, I ha gotten my brawd Sward: Ayft mow 'em down, ged Faith will I.

Priest. Be not afraid, I vill taak caare, and I vill conjure down this Tempest, fait an bee. [Thunders.]

Tom Sha. Flesh! that Thunder-Clap shook the Hawse, Candle burns blue too.

Sir Tim. Death, it goes out, what will become of us?

Tom. Sha. An the Witches come, by'r Lady ayft mow 'em down with my brawd Sward I warrant o'----I have shot one Witch flying to Neeght already.

Enter M. Hargrave, M. Madge, and two Witches more; they mew, and spit like Cats, and fly at 'em, and scratch 'em.

Yo. Har. What's this! we are set upon by Cats.

Sir Tim. They are Witches in the shape of Cats, what shall we do?

Priest. Phaas vill I do? Cat, Cat, Cat; oh! oh! Conjuo vos; fugite, fugite, Cacodemonas; Cats, Cats.

[They scratch all their Faces, till the Blood runs about 'em.]

Tom Sha. Have at ye all. [He cuts at them.] I ha' maul'd some of 'em by th' Mafs; they are fled, but I am plaguily scratcht. [The Witches shriek and run away.]

Priest. Dey were afraid of my Charms, and de Sign of de Cross did maak dem fly----but dey have scratcht a great deal upon my Faath, for all daat.

Yo. Har. Mine is all of a gore Blood.

Sir Tim. And mine too ---- that these damn'd Witches should disfigure my Countenance upon my Wedding-day?

Yo. Har. O Lord! what a Tempest's this? [*Thunder.*]

Enter Sir Jeffery with a Light.

Sir Jeff. Heav'n! What a Storm is this? the Witches and all their Imps are at work. Who are these? Hah!--- your Faces are all bloody.

Sir Tim. We have been frighted out of our Wits; we have been assaulted by Witches in the shape of Cats, and they have scratch'd us most ruefully.

Priest. But I did fright dem away, by my Shoul.

Sir Jeff. Why you are as much maul'd as any one; nay, they are at work----. I never remembered such Thunder and Lightening; bid 'em ring out all the Bells at the Church.

Priest. I will baptize all your Bells for you, Joy, and then they will stop the Tempest indeed, and not before, I tell you; oh, baptized Bells are braave Things, fait.

Tom Sba. Fleish! christen Bells?

Sir Tim. Yes, I believe the great Bell at *Oxford* was christen'd Tom.

Yo. Har. And that at *Lincoln* has a Christian Name too.

Priest. I tell de Joy, I will carry de Hosht and thome Reliques abroad, and we vill get a black Chicken, and maak one of de Vitches throw it into de Air, and it vill maak stop upon de Tempest.

Sir Jeff. Why all the Authors say, sacrificing a black Chicken so, will raise a Tempest.

Tom Sba. What's here, a Haund! Uds Fleish, you see I have cut off a Haund of one of the Hags.

Sir Jeff. Let's see, this is a lucky Evidence; keep it and see what Witch it will fit, and 'tis enough to hang her.

Priest. The Storm begins to stay; I did thay thome Aves, and part of de Gospel of St. *John*, and in fine, *su-git Tempestas*, and it does go away upon it indeed.

Tom Sba. We may trace her by her Blood.

Sir Tim. But hark you, what's the Reason my Hawks wanted their Pidgeons? Uds bud, I shall remember you for it; you think to live like a Lubber here, and do nothing.

Tom Sba. Peace, I was drunken; Peace, good Sir Timothy; Ayst do no more so. Sir

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Sir Jeff. Methinks all on a sudden the Storm is laid.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Constable and the rest of us have taken the whole Flock of Witches : but they fell upon us like Cats first ; but we have beaten 'em into Witches, and now we have 'em fast.

Sir Jeff. So, now their Power's gone when they are taken, let's go see 'em.

Yo. Har. I'll wash my Face, and away a Hawking, now the Storm's over, 'tis broad Day.

Sir Tim. I will call up Sir Edward's Musick, and wake the two Brides with a Serenade this Morning.

[Ex. Omnes.]

Enter Sir Edward and his Man with a Light.

Sir Edw. It has been a dreadful Storm, and strangely laid o'th' sudden ; this is a joyful Day to me : I am now in hopes to strengthen and preserve my Family---My poor Daughter has the worst on't, but she is discreet, and will mould Sir Timothy to what she pleases ; she is good-natur'd, and he loves her, and his Estate's beyond Exception---Go call my Son to me, bid him rise, 'tis Day, put out the Candle now.

[Ex. Servant.]

This Son, I out of Duty must provide for ; for there's a Duty from a Father, to make what he begets as happy as he can ; and yet this Fool makes me as unhappy as he can ; but that I call Philosophy to my Aid, I could not bear him.

Enter Young Hartford and Servant.

How now, your Face scratch'd ! what were you drunk last Night, and have been at Cuff ?

Yo. Har. No, Sir Timothy, I, and Tegue O Divelly, and Tom Shacklehead were assaulted by Witches in the Shape of Cats ; and Tom Shacklehead has cut off one of the Cat's Hands ; and all the Witches are taken, and are in the Stable under a strong Guard.

Sir Edw. What foolish, wild Story is this ? you have been drunk in Ale, that makes such Foggy Dreams.

Yo. Har. 'Sbud, Sir, the Story is true, you'll find it so.

Sir Edw. Now now ! what makes you booted on your Wedding-day ?

Yo. Har. Why, I am going a Hawking this Morning.

ing; and I'll come home time enough to be marry'd.

Sir Edw. Thou most incorrigible Ass, whom no Precept or Example can teach common Sense to; that would have made thee full of Joy at thy approaching Happiness; it would have fill'd thy Mind, there could have been no room for any other Object; to have a good Estate settled upon thee, and to be marry'd to a Woman of that Beauty, and that Wit and Wisdom, I have not known her equal, would have transported any one but such a Clod of Earth as thou art, thou art an Excrement broken from me, not my Son.

Yo. Har. Why Sir, I am transported; but can't one be transported with Hawking too? I love it, as I love my Life; would you have a Gentleman neglect his Sports?

Sir Edw. None but the vilest Men will make their Sports their Business; their Books, their Friends, their Kindred, and their Country should concern 'em: Such Drones serve not the Ends of their Creation, and should be lopt off from the rest of Men.

Yo. Har. A Man had better die than leave his Sports; tell me of Books? I think there's nothing in 'em for my Part; and for Musick, I had as live sit in the Stocks, as hear your fine Songs; I love a Bagpipe well enough; but there's no Musick like a deep-mouth'd Hound.

Sir Edw. Thou most excessive Blockhead, thou art enough to imbitter all my Sweets; thou art a Wen belonging to me, and I shall do well to cut thee off; but do you hear Fool, go and dress your self, and wait upon your Bride, or by Heav'n I'll disinherite you. This is the Critical Day, on which your Happiness or Misery depends; think on that. [*Ex. Sir Edward.*]

Yo. Har. Was ever so devilish a Father, to make one neglect one's Sport, because he's no Sportsman himself; a Pox on marrying, could not I Hawk and Marry too? well, I'm resolv'd I'll steal out after I'm marry'd.

Enter Sir Timothy and Musick.

Sir Tim. Come on. Place your selves just by her Chamber, and play--- and sing that Song I love so well. [*Song.* My dear, my sweet, and most delicious Bride; awake, and see thine own Dear waiting at the Door; surely she cannot sleep for thinking of me, poor Rogue. *Isab.*

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Isab. Above] Who's this disturbs my Rest! is it thou? I thought 'twas some impertinent Coxcomb or other; dost thou hear, carry away that scurvy Face from me, as soon as possibly thou can'st.

Sir Tim. Well, you have a pleasant Way with you, you'll never leave your pretty Humours, I see that.

Isab. Hah! thou hast been scratching with Wenches, was not thy Face ugly enough, but thou must disfigure it more than Nature has done? One would have thought that had don't enough.

Sir Tim. Faith you are a pretty Wag, thou'lt never leave thy Roguery; Wenches, why'twas done by Witches, who in the shape of Cats, had like to have kill'd us: Your Brother, my Uncle, and the *Irish* Man, are all as bad as I.

Isab. Prithee begon, and mend thy Face, I cannot bear it.

Sir Tim. Ay, ay; it's no matter, I'll come into thy Chamber, I must be familiar with you——

Isab. And I will be very free with you; you are a nauseous Fool, and you shall never come into my Chamber. 'Slife, would you begin your Reign before you are married? No, I'll domineer now——begon! [*Ex. Isab.*]

Sir Tim. Nay, Faith; I'll not leave you so, you little cross Rogue you; open the Door there; let me in, let me in, I say.

[*Theodosia comes out in a Witch's Habit and a Vizard.*]

Theo. Who's that? thou art my Love, come into my Arms.

Sir Tim. Oh the Witch! the Witch! help! help!

[*He runs out; Theodosia retires.*]

Enter Sir Jeffery, Lady, Tegue O Devilly, Tom Shacklehead, Clod, and Sir Jeffery's Clerk.

Sir Jeff. So, now thou art come, my Dear, I'll dispatch the Witches, they are all taken and guarded in the Stable. *Clod*, bid 'em bring 'em all hither.

La. Sha. That's well; are they caught? let 'em come before us, we will order 'em.

Sir Jeff. I would do nothing without thee, my Dear.

Priest. Here Lady, taak some one conjur'd Shalt and put upon dee and Palme, and shome Holy-wax daat I did bring for dish Occasion, and de Yitches vill not hurt dy Laadyship.

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La. Sha. Thank you, Sir.

Priest. I did give dy Husband shome before, Joy ; but I vill speak a Word unto you all ; let every one too spit three times upon deir Bothomes, and cross demselves, it is brave upon dis Occasion.

Sir Jeff. It shall be done. [*They all do it.*]

Priest. Daat is very well now. Let no Vitch touch no Part about you, and let 'em come vid deir Arthes before deir Faashes, phen dey come to Confession or Examination. We have Eye-biting Vitches in *Eerland*, daat kill vid deir Countenance.

Sir Jeff. This is a very learned and wise Man.

La. Sha. He is a great Man indeed, we are nothing to him.

Priest. You vill seee now, now I vill speak unto dem, here dey come ; I thay bring deir Arthes before deir Faashes. [*They enter with the Witches.*]

Tom Sha. Bring 'em backward, thus.

Sir Jeff. You *Clod*, and you *Tom Sacklehead*, have sworn sufficiently against the *Witch Spencer*, and so has that Country Fellow.

M. Spen. I am an innocent Women, and they have broken my Arm with a Shor ; Rogues ! Villains ! Murderers !

Priest. Dey are angry, daat is a certain Sign of a Vitch ; and dey cannot cry, daat is another Shigne ; look to 'em dey do not put Spittle upon deir Faashes to maak believe daat dey do weep. Yet *Bodin* dosh thay, daat a Vitch can cry three Drops vid her right Eye, I tell you.

Sir Jeff. Have you search'd 'em all, as I bid you, Woman ?

Woman. Yes, an't please your Worship, and they have all great Biggs and Teats in many Parts, except Mother *Madge*, and hers are but small ones.

La. Sha. It is enough ; make their *Mittimus*, and send 'em all to Goal.

Witches. { I am innocent ! I am innocent !
Save my Life ; I am no Witch.
I am innocent, save my Life.

Priest. Ven dey do thay dey are innocent, and desire to shave deir Lives, 'tis a shertain Shigue of a Vitch, faie and trot.

Woman

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Woman. Besides, this Woman, *Margaret Demdike* by name, threaten'd to be reveng'd on me, and my Cow has been suckt dry ever since, and my Child has had Fits.

M. Demd. She lies, she lies, I am innocent.

Tom Sha. This is she that had a Haund cut off, it fits her to a Hair.

Sir Jeff. 'Tis enough, 'tis enough.

M. Harg. Must I be hang'd for having my Hand cut off? I am innocent! I am innocent!

Const. Did not you say to my Wife, you would be reveng'd on me? and has not she been struck with a Pain in her Rump-bone ever since? and did not my Sow cast her Farrow last Night?

Harg. You should send your Brother to Goal for cutting my Hand off.

Tom Sha. What, for cutting a Cat's Hand off? you were a Cat when I cut it off.

Tho. O Georges. An't please your Worship, this Woman, *Gamer Dickinson*, who threped and threped, and aw to becau'd me last Night i'th' Lone, and who said he would be reveng'd on me; and this Morning at Four a Clock Butter would not come, nor the Ale wark a bit, who has bewitcht it.

Sir Jeff. I've heard enough, send 'em all to the Goal.

La. Sha. You must never give a Witch any Milk, Butter, Cheese, or any thing that comes from the Cows.

Priest. Now dou damn'd Vitch, I will be after sheeing dee hang'd indeed; I did taak her by my Shoul----

Dick. I am a poor innocent Woman, I am abused, and I am his Wife, an't please your Worship; he had Knowledge of me in a Room in the Gallery, and did promise me Marriage.

Sir Jeff. Ha! What's this?

Priest. By my Shalvaation I am innocent as de Child unborn; I speak it before Heaven, I did never maak Fornicaation in my Life [*Aside.*] Vid my Nostrils; dere is Mental Reservaation. I am too subtil for dem indeed gra. [*To them.*] It is Malice upon me.

La. Sha. There is something in this Story, but I dare not speak of it.

Sir Jeff. I do believe you, Mr. O Devilly.

Dick. Besides, he is a Popish Priest.

Priest.

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Priest. Aboo, boo, boo, a Priest! I vill taak de Oades Fait and Trot; I did never taak Holy Orders since I was bore [*Aside.*] In *Jamaica*; dere is a Mental Reservaation too, and it is lawful.

Const. Indeed Sir, I have been told he is a Popish Priest, and has been at *Rome*.

Priest. I speak in de Presence of all de Saints, daat I did never see *Rome*, in all my Life [*Aside.*] Vid de Eyes of a Lyon. Dere was another by my Shoul.

Sir Jeff. Take away the Witches; there is their Mitimus, carry 'em all to *Lancaster*.

Witches. I am innocent! I am innocent!

Const. Come on, you Hags; now your Master the Devil has left you. [*Ex. Const. and Witches.*]

Sir Jeff. Sir, you must excuse me; I must give you the Oaths upon this Information.

Priest. And by my Shoul, Joy, I vill taak dem, and Twenty or Thirty more Oades if dou doisht please indeed, I vill taak 'em all to serve dee, Fait and Trot.

Sir Jeff. Come into the Hall, there's the Statute-Book.

La. Sha. I will go in and see if the Brides be ready.

Enter Sir Edward, Bellfort and Doubty.

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, this Day I am to do the great Duty of a Father in providing for the Settlement of my Children; this Day we will dedicate to Mirth, I hope you will partake with me in my Joy.

Bell. I should have had a greater share in any Joy that could affect so worthy a Man, had not your Daughter been the only Person, I ever saw, whom I could have fixt my Love upon: But I am unhappy that I had not the Honour to know you till it was too late.

Sir Edw. This had been a great Honour to me, and my Daughter, and I am sorry I did not know it sooner, and assure you it is some Trouble upon me.

Doubt. How like a Gentleman he takes it! but I have an Afs, nay two to deal with.

Enter La. Shacklehead, Isabella, and Theodosia.

La. Sha. Good Morrow, Brother, our Brace of Brides are ready; where are the lusty Bridegrooms?

Sir Edw. Heav'n grant this may prove a happy Day.

La. Sha. Mr. *Doubty*, was ever such an unlucky Night as we have had?

Doubt.

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Doubt. 'Tis happy to me, who was assur'd of the Love of one I love much more than all the Joys on Earth.

La. Sha. Now you make me bluth; I swear it is a little too much.

Bell. Ladies, I wish you much Joy of this Day.

Doubt. Much Happiness to you.

Enter Sir Jeffery and Tegue O Devilly.

Sir Jeff. Brother, good Morrow to you; this is a happy Day, our Families will soon be one: I have sent all the Witches to the Goal.

Sir Edw. Had you Evidence enough?

Sir Jeff. Ay, too much; this Gentleman was accused for being a Papist, and a Priest, and I have given him the Oaths, and my Certificate, and on my Conscience he is a very good Protestant

Priest. It is no matter, I did taak de Oades, and I am a very good Protestant upon Occasion, Fait.

Sir Edw. Say you so! between you and I, how many Sacraments are there?

Priest. How many! by my Shoule dere are sheven; how many would dere be tink you, bob! by my Shoul have a Dispensaation, indeed I am too cunning for I fait I am. [Aside.]

Sir Edw. So here are the Bridegrooms.

Enter Sir Timothy, Young Hartford, and Servant.

Sir Tim. Oh! my dear pritty Bride, let me kiss thy Hand! how joyful am I, that I shall have my Dear within these Arms! ah, now the little Rogue can smile upon me.

Yo. Har. Cousin, good Morrow to you, I am glad to see you; how do you do this Morning?

Theo. Never better.

Yo. Har. God be thanked; I am very glad on't.

Sir Edw. Is not the Parson come yet?

Serv. Yes, Sir, he is very busy at his Breakfast in the Buttery: And as soon as he has finisht his Pipe and his Tankard---he will wait on you: he has married one Couple already, the Chaplain and Mrs. Susan.

Sir Edw. How! *Serv.* 'Tis true.

Sir Edw. I am sorry for't, that Chaplain is a Rascal--- I have found him out, and will turn him away.

Enter another Servant.

Serv. Sir, here are some of your Tenants and Countrymen

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men come to be merry with you, and have brought their Piper, and desire to dance before you.

Enter several Tenants and Country Fellows.

Tenants. We are come to wish your Worship, my young Master, and Lady, Joy of this happy Day.

Sir Edw. You are kindly welcome, Neighbours; this is Happiness indeed, to see my Friends, and all my loving Neighbours thus about me.

All. Heavens bless your good Worship.

Sir Edw. These honest Men are the Strength and Sinews of our Country; such Men as these are uncorrupted, and while they stand to us, we fear no Papist, nor *French* Invasion; this Day we will be merry together.

Clod. Ay't make bold to dance for Joy.

Sir Edw. Prithee do---- [*Clod Dances.*] Go bid the Parson come in, we will dispatch this Business here before you all.

Isab. Hold! there needs no Parson.

Sir Edw. What say you?

Sir Jeff. How!

Isab. We are marry'd already, and desire your Blessing.

Sir Edw. It is impossible.

[*Bellfort, Doubty, Isabella and Theodosia kneel.*

La. Sha. Heav'n! what's this I see?

Sir Jeff. Thieves! Robbers! Murderers of my Honour! I'll hang that Fellow.

Sir Edw. What Pageantry is this? Explain your self.

Sir Tim. What a Devil do they mean now!

Bell. The Truth is, Sir, we are marry'd; we found you Fathers were too far engag'd to break off: Love forced us to this Way, and nothing else can be a fit Excuse.

Doubt. We have designed this ever since last Summer, and any other but a private Way, had certainly prevented it. Let Excess of Love excuse our Fault. *Sir Jeffery,* I will exceed what Settlement was made upon your Daughter.

Bell. And I will, Sir, do the same Right to yours.

Sir Jeff. Fleth and Heart---I'll murder her.

Doubt. Hold Sir! she's mine now; I beseech you moderate your Passion.

La. Sha. Oh vile Creature! I'll tear her Eyes out.

Doubt. Forbear, good Madam: What cannot be redress'd, must be pass'd by----

La. Sha.

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La. Sha. Thou worst of Thieves, thou know'st I can ne'er pass it by.

Sir Jeff. *Sir Edward*, you may do what you will, but I'll go in and meditate Revenge.

La. Sha. And I. [*Ex. Sir Jeff. and Lady.*]

Sir Tim. Hold, hold me! I am bloody minded, I shall commit Murder else; my Honour! my Honour! I must kill him; hold me fast, or I shall kill him.

Yo. Har. For my part, Cousin, I wish you Joy, for I am resolved to Hunt, and Hawk, and Course, as long as I live----

Sir Tim. Cruel Woman! I did not think you would have serv'd me so; I shall run mad, and hang my self, and walk.

Priest. Now phaat is de Soleedity of all dith---phy all ish paasht, and what vill you thay now? You must taak shome Consolaation unto you---Dou must Fornicaate vid dy Moder's Maid-sharvants; and dat is all one by my Shoul.

Sir Edw. Hold, Gentlemen! who marry'd you?

Bell. This Gentleman, who is under this gray Coat, my Parson.

Sir Edw. 'Tis something unhospitable.

Bell. I hope, Sir, you'll not have cause to repent it; had there been any other Way for me to have escap'd perpetual Misery, I had not taken this.

Sir Edw. But you, Sir, have most injur'd me.

Doubt. I beg a Thousand Pardons, tho' I must have perish'd if I had not done it.

Theo. It is no Injury, Sir, I never could have lov'd your Son, we must have been unhappy.

Isab. And I had been miserable with *Sir Timothy*.

Yo. Har. To say the Truth, I did not much care for her neither; I had rather not marry.

Sir Edw. Eternal Blockhead! I will have other Means to preserve my Name: Gentlemen, you are Men of ample Fortunes and worthy Families----Sir, I wish you Happiness with my Daughter, take her.

Bell. You have given me more than my own Father did, than Life and Fortune.

Isab. You are the best of Fathers, and of Men.

Sir Edw. I will endeavour to appease *Sir Jeffery* and my Lady.

Doubt.

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Doubt. You are generous beyond Expression, Sir.

Enter Chaplain and Susan.

Chapl. Sir, I hope your Worthip will pardon me, I am marry'd to Mrs. *Susan*.

Sir Edw. You are a Villain, that has made love to my Daughter, and corrupted my Son.

Chapl. Have they told all, I am ruin'd! good Sir, continue me your Chaplain, and I will do and preach whatever you command me.

Sir Edw. I'll not have a Divine with so flexible a Conscience, there shall be no such Vipers in my Family; I will take care you never shall have Orders. But she has serv'd me well, and I will give her a Farm of 40*l.* per Annum to plow. Go, Sir, it was an Office you were born to.

Priest. Did I not bid dee Fornicate, and dou didst marry Joy; if dou hadst not maad Marriage, I would have maad dee a Catholick, and preferred dee to St. Omers, *Dey should have bred dee for one of deir Witnes'es, fait.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. I must beg your Pardon, Sir, I have a warrant against this *Kelly*, alias *Tegue O Devilly*--he is accus'd for being in the Plot.

Sir Edw. My House is no Refuge for Traytors, Sir.

Priest. Aboo, boo, boo! by my Shalvation dere is no Plot, and I will not go vid you. Dou art a damn'd Fanaatic, if dou dosht thay dere is a Plot. Dou art a Presbyterian

Mess. No striving, come along with me. (Dog.

Priest. Pha at vill I do: I am innocent as de Child dat is to be born; and if dey vill hang me, I vill be a Shaint indeed. *My banging Speech was made for me long ago by de Jesuits, and i have it ready, and I vill live and die by it, by my Shoul.*

Mess. Gentlemen, I charge you in the King's Name asfist me.

Sir Edw. Come, Gentlemen, I wish you both the Happiness you deserve. How thallow is our Foresight and our Prudence!

*Be ne'er so wise, design whate'er we will,
There is a Fate that over-rules us still.*

F I N I S.